



No. 289.—Vol. XXIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



CROMWELL AT WESTMINSTER.

Shall Cromwell have a statue? An old question, often discussed in our boyhood, and upon which Carlyle wrote most eloquently, has now been answered in the affirmative by the placing in Westminster Hall of this bust of the Great Protector. The statue is by Bernini, the famous Florentine sculptor, (1598-1689), who also executed several busts of Charles I. It has been presented to Parliament by Mr. Charles Wertheimer, in recognition of the Protector's kindness to the Jewish race.

HOW BISMARCK ALTERED THE MAP OF EUROPE.

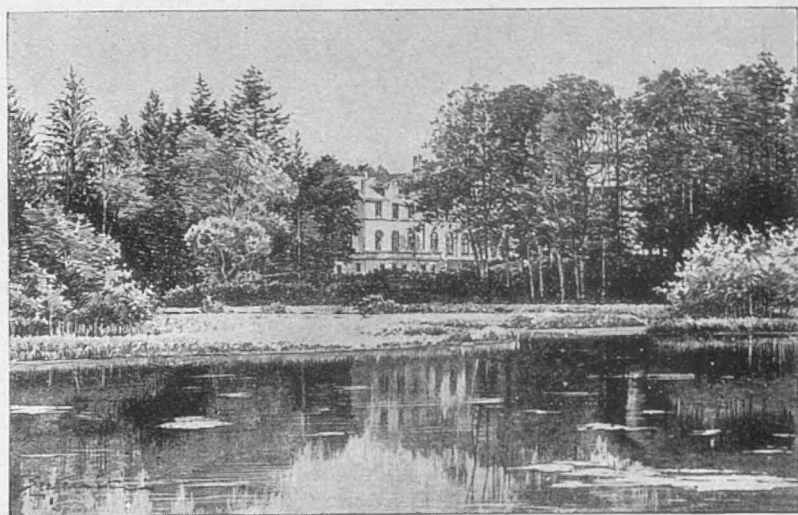
OTTO VON BISMARCK, PRINCE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE, DIED ON JULY 30, AT THE AGE OF 84, AT HIS RESIDENCE, FRIEDRICHSRUH, IN PRUSSIA. HE WAS THE GREATEST POLITICAL FORCE IN EUROPE SINCE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"At first I wanted from him no more than the minor Princes conceded in 1866. But he would not yield an inch—Thank Heaven, thought I to myself, and thanks to the wisdom of his legal advisers. At first I called him 'Highness,' and was altogether very polite. But when he began to make objections about Kiel Harbour, which we wanted, and would listen to none of our military demands, I put on a different face. I now titled him 'Serene-Highness,' and told him at last quite coolly that we could easily wring the neck of the chicken which we ourselves had hatched." Such were the words with which Bismarck, during the French campaign, described his dealings with Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, the Legitimist claimant of the Elbe Duchies, whose daughter, Princess Victoria, was destined to become third German Empress as the wife of William II. The marriage of this Princess to Prince William of Prussia was the last act in a tragi-comedy which had begun with the incorporation of Schleswig-Holstein into the Kingdom of Prussia—"a play," as Bismarck himself remarked, "representing the intrigues of diplomacy." "When I was made Prince," he said, "the King insisted on putting Alsace-Lorraine into my coat-of-arms."

THE LATEST PICTURE OF BISMARCK (1898).

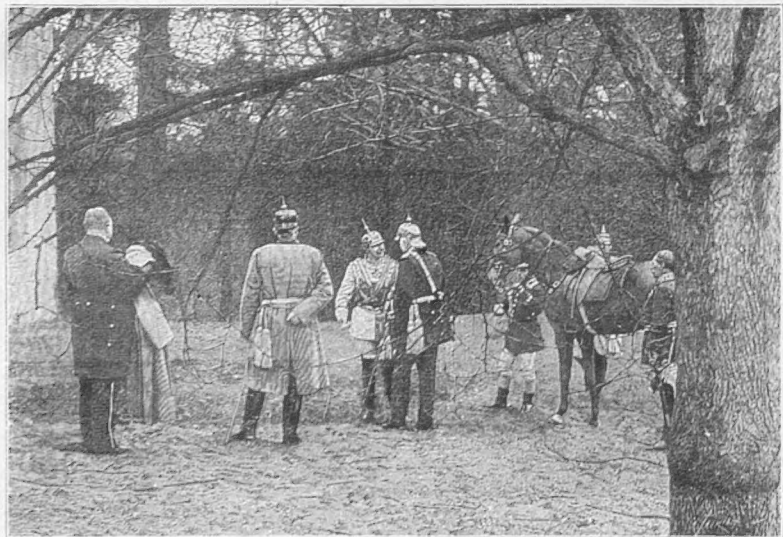
But I would much rather have had Schleswig-Holstein; that is the campaign, politically speaking, of which I am proudest." By this campaign the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg—theretofore belonging to Denmark—were added to the Kingdom of Prussia, and Bismarck himself was ultimately enfeigned of the Lauenburg estate of Friedrichsruh, where he breathed his last. After the cession of these Duchies, in 1866, Friedrichsruh had been assigned to King William as his personal property, and, on returning from Versailles to Berlin as an Emperor, he had presented this estate to the man who had presented him with an Imperial crown. It was for this reason that Bismarck, with the view of testifying his undying gratitude to his grateful "old master," ever preferred Friedrichsruh to his native

Schönhausen in the Old Mark, or to Varzin, his "Pomeranian Tusculum," as a place of rural residence. No man knew his Shakspeare better than the Kaiser-maker, and once, when sitting beside the church of Beckstein with Baron Manteuffel, at the time of the Treaty of Gastein, Bismarck proposed, on the King coming along, to acclaim him as the three witches did Macbeth: "Hail, Thane of Lauenburg! All hail, Thane of Kiel! All hail, Thane of Schleswig!" By this treaty of Gastein, the sovereignty of Schleswig was virtually centred in Prussia, that of Holstein in Austria, and it was this utterly incompatible co-proprietorship over the territorial spoils of the Danish campaign of 1864 which led to the Austro-Prussian war of 1866. Fasolt and Fafner, the two giants in the prologue to Wagner's great operatic trilogy, were friendly enough when building a sky-palace, or Walhalla, for the king of the gods; but when it came to the apportionment of the reward which Wotan had promised them, they fell out, did those all too-grasping brothers; and Fafner, slaying Fasolt, made off with the whole of their pay in the shape of the Nibelungen Hoard. Fafner-Bismarck had deftly picked a righteous quarrel with Denmark about her unjust stewardship in the Elbe Duchies, and, on the principle of nationalities (of which Napoleon III. ever professed himself to be so great a champion), had, so far, rounded off the patchwork garment of Germania. With equal adroitness, Bismarck forced Austria into the field over the question of the condominium in the Elbe



BISMARCK'S HOME AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

Duchies, which was ultimately settled by the Prussian needle-gun at Königgrätz, and thus, not only did Prussia come into sole and absolute possession of "Schleswig-Holstein sea-surrounded," but also of Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Nassau, and the hitherto Free City of Frankfurt. These States had committed the mistake of siding with Austria in her conflict with Prussia, and consequently they had to fall victims to the principle, which has asserted itself throughout all history, that "to the victor belong the spoils." There were other South German States which had also sided with Austria and taken the field on her behalf, but they were mercifully let off with the payment of mere money indemnities (and the conclusion of secret military treaties against France), seeing that their territory was not so indispensable for the rounding off, or homogeneous sizing, so to speak, of the straggling Prussian State. Let anyone compare the geographical shape of Prussia before the war of 1866 with its present territorial conformation, and he will see how necessary it was that Hanover and Hesse-Cassel, at least, should be included within her limits. Bismarck once remarked, in 1866, that, if anyone ever had cause to be astonished at his own moderation, it was himself. The Peace of Nikolsburg had augmented the area and population of Prussia by a fourth of their previous extent, but King William was not satisfied with this. He vowed by all that was holy that he would have a slice of Bohemia into the bargain, and Bismarck could only deflect him from his infatuate purpose by a threat to resign. It has always been supposed that Bismarck was the Hotspur and his sovereign the Henry of the Prussian camp. But the exact opposite was the truth, and, in one of his Bohemian letters to his wife, Bismarck complained bitterly of having to spend his time and energies in pouring water into the King's foaming wine. The truth is, he saw, what the King did not see, that, while Austria might put up with her exclusion from the Germanic Confederation, she would never reconcile herself to the loss of any integral portion of her own territory: "It was you who wanted war," said the King reproachfully to his Premier, "and now you wish to keep me from reaping its fruits." But Bismarck remained inflexible in his determination to obtain only such conditions of peace

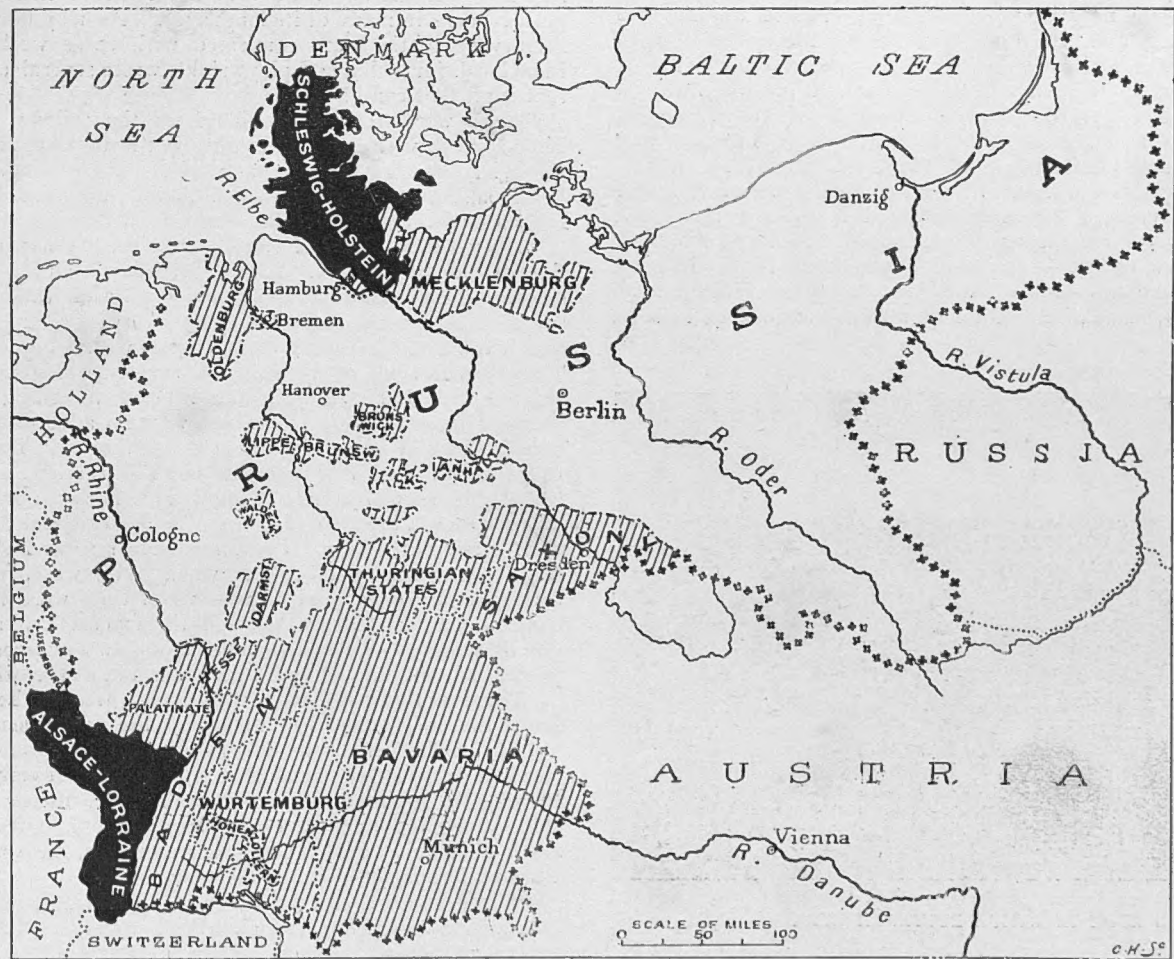


THE LAST MEETING OF THE EMPEROR AND BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

HOW BISMARCK ALTERED THE MAP OF EUROPE.



THIS MAP, WHICH WAS SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY STANFORD, SHOWS WHAT PRUSSIA INCLUDED AT THE TIME OF BISMARCK'S BIRTH, WHILE THE SHADED PARTS INDICATE THE INDEPENDENT GERMAN STATES.



THIS MAP SHOWS HOW PRUSSIA UNDER BISMARCK SWALLOWED UP SOME OF THE PETTY GERMAN STATES, WHILE THE BLACKENED PARTS, ALSACE-LORRAINE AND SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, INDICATE HIS ABSOLUTE ANNEXATIONS.

as contained not the certain seeds of a future war, and to his wise and statesmanlike moderation it was exclusively due that Austrian territory was left intact.

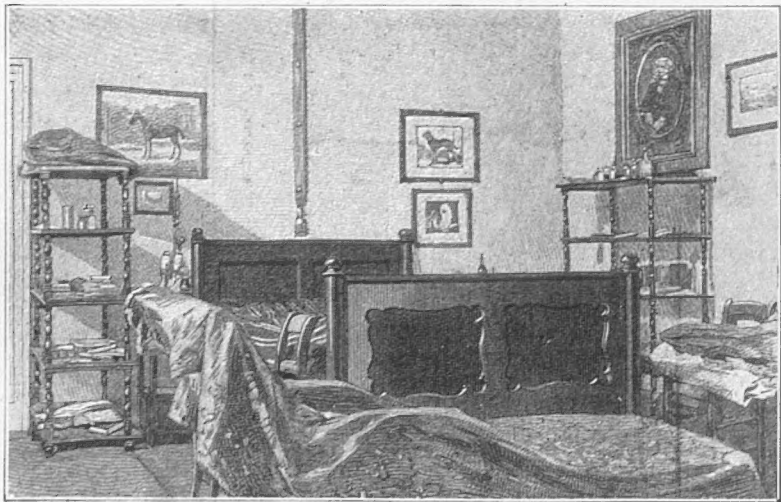
But he was much less successful in the exercise of this moderation when it came to be a question, in the next campaign of 1870-71, of



BISMARCK'S STUDY AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

determining the conditions of peace between France and Germany. It is a clearly established, though rarely remembered, fact that, for the reasons which led him to restrain the King from seizing a portion of Bohemia, Bismarck also protested against the annexation of Lorraine. He would have been content to take Alsace, thinking that the thorn of revengefulness would ever remain in the flesh of the French if they were deprived of Metz as well as Strasburg. But the military party insisted on having its own way this time, arguing that Lorraine was absolutely indispensable for the security of the new Empire. Bismarck gave way, but the discussions on the subject brought about a coolness between him and Moltke which was never entirely removed. These facts should be laid to heart by all who have been asked to believe that Bismarck was one of the greatest landgrabbers that ever lived.

The foregoing will show in what respects Bismarck has modified the map of Europe in a positive sense. But his cartographical labours should also be looked at from a negative point of view. For it was he who prevented Luxemburg and Belgium from being incorporated with France, just as it was mainly he who, in his capacity as "honest broker," induced Russia to assent to the reduction of the Bulgaria of the Treaty of San Stefano to the Bulgaria of the Treaty of Berlin. Be it also remembered that it was also Bismarck who summoned the "Congo Conference" of 1884, which gave an entirely new appearance to the map of Africa. By the escambion of Zanzibar for Heligoland, the present Emperor arrogated to himself the proud title enjoyed by some of his mediæval predecessors of being "Mehrer des Reichs," Auctor Imperii—territorial augmentor of the Empire. But the true "Mehrer des Reichs" was the man who restored it to being through the instrumentality of an aggrandised and armed Prussia.



THE ROOM IN WHICH BISMARCK DIED.

and who signed the preliminaries of peace with France (among which he himself would have been content with the half of Alsace-Lorraine) on the table which, carried home with him from Versailles to Friedrichsruh, served the other day as an altar for the religious service that was held over his bier.

CHARLES LOWE.

"BRADSHAW."

The exact month, or even the year, in which "Bradshaw" began to be is not ascertainable. The earliest known copy is dated 1839, and disguised under the title of "Bradshaw's Time Tables." An exceedingly rare little book it is—until a few years ago the British Museum was without a copy. The "Time Tables" were about the size of a Prayer Book—to speak by the rule, four and a-half inches by two and a-half—and contained just twenty-six pages of letterpress, including the maps. For Mr. George Bradshaw, of Manchester, the first Bradshaw, was a map-engraver by profession, patronised by Brunel and Telford, the great engineers. Bradshaw was born in Salford, a royal borough, though a very unsavoury one.

A great controversy raged a few years ago as to whether he really was the inventor of the railway guide. A certain John Gadsby, also of Manchester, author and publisher of "Gadsby's Railway Guide," claimed honourable precedence. Gadsby, it appeared, sighing for fresh fields to conquer, cast in his lot with and did the printing for the Anti-Corn Law League, and his Guide languished and died.

After all, this great controversy was beside the mark, for both "Gadsby" and "Bradshaw"—or "Bradshaw" and "Gadsby," to be strictly impartial—came after "Paterson on Roads," and the ingenious Mr. Mogg, both of whom were the authors of aids and guides to travellers, known to everyone who frequents the second-hand bookstalls. But even the idea of a railway guide was not new. A disc of white metal, giving on one side the service between Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester, and, on the other, the times and distances, was the form first adopted. These little medals could be carried in the pocket or slung round the neck. It appears, from one of them, that it took four hours and a-half to get from Manchester to Liverpool!

But "Bradshaw," after all, is the genius of the railway traveller; a good genius when you understand him, a bad one when you don't. There is a scarce little look of Albert Smith's, called "The Guide to Bradshaw," or "The Comic Bradshaw," I forget which, where he treats of the trains which start and never arrive, and the trains which arrive and never start. But Albert Smith's witticisms are unread, and almost forgotten, while "Bradshaw," who has not the least sense of humour, has become a classic. It is not wise to poke fun at an institution.

The first Bradshaw's original idea scarcely went farther than a local time-table. Liverpool to Manchester, and Manchester to Liverpool, Preston, Littleborough, and Bolton, with supplementary services between Leeds, York, and Selby; that was the extent of it, including "maps of the country through which the railway passes," and a table of hackney-coach fares. There are nearly eight hundred pages of information in the modern "Bradshaw" and eighty pages of advertisements. The "Bradshaw" of 1839 weighed two ounces; the "Bradshaw" of 1898 weighs the two ounces and a pound besides. The extra publications are legion—"Bradshaw" handbooks to all the countries of the world and phrase-books in many of its languages. As may be imagined, no great literary reputations are connected with these works; Edward Leman Blanchard, journalist and playwright, wrote several of the handbooks—that is all that can be said.

There was strong opposition from the railway companies at first. They argued, with great foresight, that if they supplied the times, they would have to start to them, and might be liable to damages if unpunctual. But Bradshaw was a diplomatist; he took up shares in this company, he reasoned with and cajoled the directors of that.

The "Time-Table" of 1839 became the "Companion" of 1840, and the "Guide" of 1841. And "Bradshaw's Guide" it has been ever since. It is strange that so few copies of those early issues have survived, for, in one respect, they were very superior to their successors—they were bound in stout cloth covers, with labels of green and gold. They contain some interesting and surprising facts. Not the least of these is "A table showing the rate of travelling from one to four hundred miles an hour"! There were no advertisements in the earlier issues. One of the first to appear was that of "Thy incomparable oil, O Macassar!" A foot-note sets out that soldiers, infants, and dogs are carried on special terms. Another note says: "Children in arms, *unable to walk*, are free of charge." The companies appear to have cut their eye-teeth rapidly. Gratuities were strictly forbidden. The seats were sometimes numbered; when they were, you took the one corresponding with your ticket; when they were not, you took your choice. The carriages were all of them "coaches," and the tickets are described now as "check tickets" and now as "passes." Smoking was prohibited, not only on board the train, but at the stations as well.

There were bewildering varieties of trains. There was the mail-train, the fast train, the first-class train, the second-class, and the mixed. A first-class train is defined as consisting of first-class and mail-coaches, one compartment of which could be converted into a bed-carriage if required. The second-class carriages were open at the side during the day and closed by night. The fares were higher for night-travellers. The second-class carriages, the Guide explains, "are without linings, cushions, or divisions."

"Bradshaw" is still published in Manchester, from a gloomy pile of buildings in Albert Square facing the Town Hall. Bradshaw the first was a Quaker, not without distinction apart from his Guide. He was a great man at Peace Congresses, and had a taste for most kinds of philanthropy. He died whilst prosecuting the interests of a Continental Guide he was publishing. He had gone to Christiania for facts, was attacked by the cholera epidemic, and was dead in a few hours. There are still members of the firm bearing the name,

L. W. L.

RAILWAY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON	WORTHING	Frequent Fast Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and London Bridge.
SEAFORD	LITTLEHAMPTON	Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Road) and West Brompton.
EASTBOURNE	BOGNOR	Extra Trains from London Saturday, returning Monday mornings.
BEXHILL	HAYLING ISLAND	Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets, First and Second Class.
ST. LEONARDS	PORTSMOUTH	Cheap Week-end Return Tickets issued every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.
HASTINGS	SOUTHSEA	Pullman Car Trains between London and Brighton and London and Eastbourne.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE	VENTNOR	Through Tickets issued and luggage Registered throughout.
COWES	FRESHWATER	The Trains run to and from the Portsmouth Harbour Station. The Isle of Wight Trains also run to and from the Ryde Pier Head Station, thereby enabling passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.
SANDOWN	ST. HELENS	
STANKLIN	BEMBRIDGE	

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

FROM	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria ... dep.	6 25	10 30	11 35	11 40	1 40	1 50	3 37	3 51	4 55	5 0	5 55
London Bridge ...	6 25	10 25	11 30	11 40	1 40	1 50	3 37	3 51	4 55	5 0	5 55
Portsmouth ... arr.	8 32	1 0	1 41	2 16	3 50	4 23	5 50	6 39	6 56	7 37	8 30
Ryde ...	9 11	1 40	2 20	3 0	4 30	5 10	6 30	7 20	7 49	8 30	9 24
Sandown ...	9 38	2 10	2 43	3 27	4 57	5 45	6 56	8 20	8 20	9 24	10 18
Shanklin ...	9 45	2 15	2 48	3 45	5 14	5 50	7 0	8 25	8 25	9 30	10 24
Ventnor ...	10 0	2 27	3 0	3 35	5 15	6 0	7 10	8 35	8 35	9 40	10 34
Cowes ...	11 23	3 17	3 17	3 35	6 0	6 0	7 55	7 55	9 5	10 5	11 5
Newport ...	11 1	3 0	3 0	3 55	6 15	6 15	7 32	8 43	8 43	9 43	10 43
Freshwater ...	11 45	3 39	3 39	4 45	6 58	6 58	9 30	9 30	10 30	11 30	12 30

For Particulars see Time Books, or address Superintendent of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST.

DIEPPE	HAYRE	THE ANGLO-NORMAN AND BRITTANY TOURS VIA NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE, AND VIA NEWHAVEN AND CAEN.—These Tickets enable the holder to visit all the principal places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.
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FECAMP	CHERBOURG	

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	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	5 15	7 15	10 0	11 30	2 0	7 45	8 0	8 50	11 30	11 50
Edinburgh (Princes Street) arr.	3 45	5 50	6 30	7 55	10 30	6 30	7 50
Glasgow (Central) ...	3 30	6 0	6 45	7 55	10 30	6 45	7 50
Greenock ...	4 27	7 5	7 40	9 8	11 17	8 0	9 22
Gourock ...	4 39	7 15	7 50	9 17	11 27	8 11	9 10
Oban ...	8 51	4 45	8 45	11 55	2 5	...
Perth ...	5 30	...	8 0	...	12 23	4 45	5 20	7 50	9 10
Inverness—via Dunfermline	6 10	9 0	2 40
Dundee ...	7 15	...	8 40	...	1 5	...	6 0	8 50	9 45
Aberdeen ...	9 5	...	10 15	...	3 0	...	7 15	...	11 25
Ballaier	9 45	...	12 0
Inverness—via Aberdeen	7 55	...	12 0	...	4 45

* On Saturday nights the 8.50 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to Stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

Passengers for Stations North of Motherwell must leave London by the 8.50 p.m. train on Saturday nights. The 11.50 p.m. has no connection to those Stations.

A—On Saturdays passengers by the 2 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

B—The Night Express leaving Euston at 8 p.m. will run every night (except Saturday).

C—Passengers by the 7.45 p.m. from Euston will arrive at Inverness at 9.10 a.m. to August 12. For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices.

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	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Paddington ... dep.	5 30	8 53	9 0	9 33	10 30	10 35	10 45	11 30	11 45	11 55	12 15
Weymouth ... arr.	...	10 20
Guernsey	5 0
Jersey	7 0
Minehead ...	11 55	...	3 30
Barnstaple ...	1 5	...	3 13
Ilfracombe ...	2 23	...	4 18
Exeter ...	10 59	...	1 46	...	2 13
Dawlish ...	11 23	...	2 19
Teignmouth ...	11 35	...	2 30
Torquay ...	12 23	...	3 5
Plymouth (Mill Bay) ...	12 53	3 47	3 53
Newquay	5 55	6 23
Falmouth	6 18	6 40
St. Ives	7 15
Penzance	7 7
Tenby
Dolgelly
Barmouth
Aberystwyth

	dep.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	night.	night.
Paddington ... dep.	1 20	1 30	3 0	6 0	9 0	9 15	9 45	12 0	12 10	12 10
Weymouth ... arr.	7 5	11 0	2 15
Guernsey	6 30
Jersey	9 0
Minehead ...	6 46	...	8 25	9 15
Barnstaple	8 29	9 53
Ilfracombe	9 29	11 11
Exeter ...	5 51	...	7 22	11 6	2 18	...	5 0
Dawlish ...	6 13	...	8 14	11 28	7 40
Teignmouth ...	6 26	...	7 52	11 39	3 0	...	7 54
Torquay ...	7 15	...	8 37	12 18	3 40	...	7 34
Plymouth (Mill Bay) ...	7 46	...	9 10	1 0	4 35	...	7 0
Newquay	9 55
Falmouth ...	10 40	10 25
St. Ives	11 8
Penzance ...	11 2	11 3
Tenby
Dolgelly
Barmouth
Aberystwyth

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 HENRY FLEWIS, General Manager.
 Dublin, 1898.

RAILWAY AND GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
LONDON (St. Pancras)	dep.	5 15	10 30	10 35	2 10	9 15	10 0
Carlisle	arr.	1 5	5 0	5 45	8 55	4 15	4 45
Ayr		3 57	7 50		11 31		7 27
GLASGOW (St. Enoch)		3 52	7 35		11 25		7 35
Greenock		5 42	8 7		12 18		8 22
EDINBURGH (Waverley)		3 55		8 24	11 29	6 48	
Oban				4 45		2 A 5	
Fort William						12 41	
Perth		5 42		10 32		8 55	
Dundee	Via	6 15		10 51		8 55	
Aberdeen	Forth	8 40		12 50		10 50	
Inverness	Bridge			6 A 10		2 40	
Stranraer (for Belfast)		5 30	8 7				

* First and Third Class Dining Accommodation between London and Glasgow. † Third Class Dining-Carriage, London to Edinburgh. A—No connection on Sundays.

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Derby, August 1898.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

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Inverness, July 1898.

T. A. WILSON, General Manager.

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NOMINAL CHARGE OF 6d. PER PACKAGE,

which must be paid when the luggage is collected. No package must exceed 112 lb. in weight.

Luggage from outlying districts in London will be collected by Messrs. Pickford and Co., Messrs. Carter, Paterson, and Co., and the London Parcels Delivery Co., in which cases the following throughout charges will apply—

When collected from residences distant from the General Post Office— s. d.
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By availing themselves of this arrangement, passengers will be relieved of the trouble and inconvenience of looking after their luggage when travelling. In cases where apartments at destination have not been secured beforehand, the luggage can be addressed, "To be called for," at the Cloak Room of the arrival station.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Liver Brigade is already widely dispersed over its favourite after-Season happy hunting-grounds, and the fashionably gouty or rheumatic or neuralgic contingent is drinking itself into renewed completeness at Carlsbad, or enjoying its exhilarating carbonic baths at Homburg, or its complexion cure at Schlangenbad, or its gas bath at Kissingen variously, of which, by the way, Bismarck was so fond. At the latter place a very full and festive season has followed the recent visit of Princess Beatrice of Battenberg and the Duke of Coburg. Sir H. and Lady Campbell-Bannerman, Lady Eleho, Mr. A. Beit, Sir William Pierce, and the Princess Nazli, who has come from Egypt for the cure, are a few of the interesting people one sees about, listening to the band on the Kurplatz or at the Thursday evening reunions, at which most of the visitors show up.

As a bicycling centre, Kissingen would be hard to surpass, not alone because of the excellent roads in all directions, but the lovely scenery through which they run. A favourite ride is along that delightful Valley of the Saale which Kissingen-goers know so well. Here, along the banks of the river, one constantly meets a whole procession of smartly frocked cyclists coming back after a long spin in the cool of the evening. There is besides tennis for the busily idle and angling for the lazy, both sports which are much pursued in the intervals of "drinking" or "washing." Kissingen, without being so "dressy" of reputation as Homburg, is yet quite gay in its summer frocks, and among the very few Americans who have strayed in this season are two pretty sisters whose Paris muslins have played an effective part at the various *tables d'hôte*. The Queen of Hanover has been here, and so has the Empress of Austria, though earlier in the season. In fact, Kissingen's famous "Cur" has been more extensively availed of this season than for many previous ones.

Homburg is just now very full and festive, dinners and breakfast-parties being the order of each busily social day, and Ritter's Terrace the chosen background of many such gatherings. At Mrs. Carl Weinberg's dinner to Count and Countess Gianotti the other day a miniature pond arranged as a table-centre was a source of much amusement to the guests, who between the courses fed the gold and silver fish it contained with indigestible morsels from a very luxurious banquet. Countess Gianotti's black-and-white brocade was much enhanced by her splendid jewels, and the hostess had a Worth frock of black tulle with white lace incrustations. Among the twenty guests quite half the ladies wore this favourite combination of black and white, which seems quite the last cry of early autumn fashion. Liane de Pougy is here and attracts the usual amount of attention, none the less that she for the most part dresses in white and literally glit—glit—glitters with emeralds and diamonds.

Lord Dartrey is among the arrivals; so are Major Candy, Sir George Wombwell, Sir Henry and Lady Bruce, the Duchess of Newcastle, Lord Clanwilliam, with his family; Colonel Arthur Paget, who is a frequent figure on the golf links; the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, who faithfully follow their cure; Count Königsmark, and so on through "Debrett" or the "Almanach de Gotha," or other official roll-call of the cosmopolitan elect variously. In no other place, I verily believe, does one see the world represented so representatively.

One of the most amusing afternoon parties of the Homburg season was given this week by those popular Philadelphians, General and Mrs. Warren, in the form of a "punch d'adieux" before leaving for St. Moritz. General Warren brewed the nectar himself, in accordance with the time-honoured recipe of the Philadelphia Fish Club, another rule of this famous club being that members must do their own cooking. Gastronomic downfalls as well as *chefs d'œuvre* have, no doubt, been therefore experienced within its precincts; but of the "punch" in question only one opinion is possible, and that is of heartfelt appreciation.

An American millionaire who has a palace at Venice is more superstitious than his countrymen usually are. On Thanksgiving Day he invited a party of friends, including a Roman prince, one of the Queen of Italy's maids-of-honour, and various sprigs of the Italian aristocracy. The Roman prince, however, failed him at the last moment, and the host refused to sit down to dinner on finding that the company now consisted of thirteen persons. He made various fruitless attempts to secure another guest, and at last, in despair, he announced that he intended to follow the custom of the Arabs, who always wait upon their guests, and eat their own dinners by themselves afterwards. The meal proved a great success.

Whenever is the Druce mystery to be settled? The ecclesiastical authorities (first applied to on March 9) have had their

say; and now the Civil Court has adjourned its decision on the right to open the vault at Highgate Cemetery till to-morrow. The case as presented by Mrs. Anna Maria Druce may be summed up thus—

On Dec. 28, 1864, Thomas Charles Druce (the petitioner's father-in-law), who kept an upholsterer's shop in Baker Street, died (though no doctor signed a certificate), and was buried next day in Highgate Cemetery.

On Dec. 6, 1879, William John Cavendish-Scott-Bentinck, fifth Duke of Portland, died, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery.

On June 10, 1892, Robert Harmer, Doctor of Medicine, died at Alton Lodge, Richmond.

It is claimed by Mrs. Druce that these three people were one and the same person. If the coffin in the vault at Highgate be found (as Mrs. Druce says) to contain no skeleton, it will prove that her father-in-law the upholsterer was not buried in 1864. Why not settle the question, then, by opening the coffin?

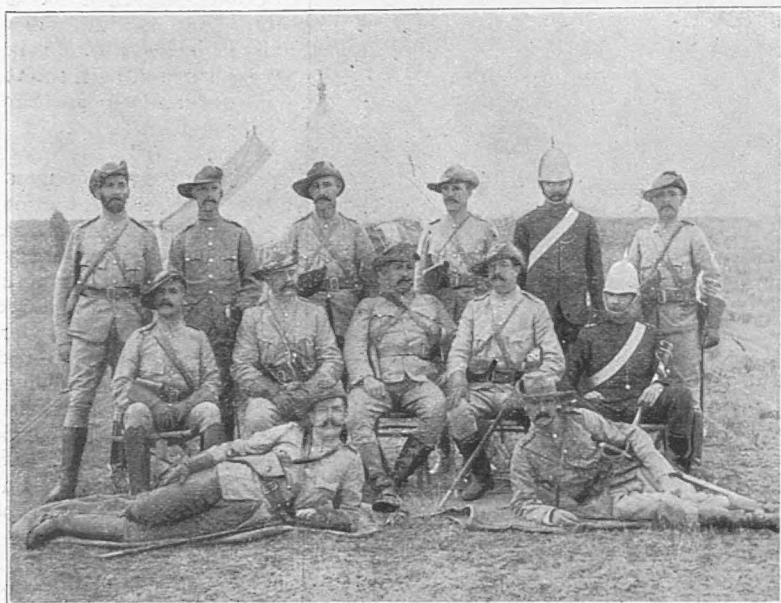


THE GREAT DRUCE MYSTERY: IS THE COFFIN BENEATH THIS STONE FILLED WITH LEAD?

Photo by W. H. Thompson, Highgate.

The 7th Dragoon Guards, the "Black Horse," who won the Cambridge Shield at Bisley for the third time in succession, and who carried out the "Musical Ride" at the Islington Tournament with such success recently, having been ordered to leave Norwich for Salisbury Plain, had a little celebration of their own the other day. Two squadrons, under Lieut.-Colonel Rough, visited Brooke Hall to bid good-bye to the oldest living person who has served in the regiment. This is Mr. George J. Holmes, who joined the regiment in 1833, more than twenty years before the Crimean War. Mr. Holmes made a neat little speech, contrasting the present state of the soldier with what it was when he joined, and concluded with "Fear God, honour the Queen." The band then played "Auld Lang Syne" and "He's a jolly good fellow," and three cheers were given for Mr. Holmes. Such is *esprit de corps*, which recent regulations seem designed to destroy.

The Volunteer movement flourishes in Cape Colony as in other parts of the Empire. I publish to-day a photograph of a group of officers of the Mounted Brigade which took part in the recent manœuvres held at Middelburg. As is natural in such a country, there are many mounted corps in Cape Colony, the leading ones being the Diamond Fields Horse, hailing from Kimberley, and the Frontier Mounted Rifles, whose headquarters are at Cathcart. There are also in many up-country villages small local Mounted Rifle Corps (limited to a strength of a hundred), and one of the most flourishing is that belonging to Middelburg, under the enthusiastic command of Captain Guy. In the photograph, Major Hart, of the Frontier Mounted Rifles, sits in the centre, with Major Peatman, Commandant of the Diamond Fields Horse, on his right, and Captain Brand, Adjutant of the Diamond Fields Horse, on his left. To the left of Captain Brand sits Captain Guy, with his able



OFFICERS OF THE MOUNTED RIFLES, CAPE COLONY.

Lieutenant Mackinnon above him. Surely an abler and more vigorous-looking set of officers could not be found in any clime. Captain Guy is as much at home as a sportsman as when on his veldt-farm, and has made many big bags of game.

A deputation of the British Empire League had an interview with Mr. Goschen the other day on the subject of utilising the services of colonial seafaring men in the Naval Reserve. Unfortunately, the deputation dealt merely with generalities, and Mr. Goschen, naturally enough, wished to hear something practical in the way of details. The conditions for training the Reserve are that a man shall serve for twenty-eight days in a battery, and then on board a man-of-war for six months. If the colonial seamen accept these conditions, Mr. Goschen thinks that any other difficulties may be surmounted; and, if the Colonies will bear the expenses of training, the Mother Country will bear the expense of the retaining fee. As a matter of fact, there are at present more applications to join the Reserve under existing conditions than there are vacancies to fill in the numbers authorised under the Estimates. Still, if the difficulties can be overcome, such hardy seamen as those of the Maritime Provinces of Canada cannot fail to be a real source of strength to the British Navy.

The Government are taking a step to improve the supply of British seamen in the mercantile marine. It is proposed to introduce a clause in the Merchant Shipping Bill by which every ship carrying boys in accordance with the requirements of the Board of Trade shall be paid for so doing, the money being found by a partial remission of the light dues. Mr. Ritchie says that if all the vessels now paying light dues came under the operation of the Bill, they would carry some fifteen thousand more boys than at present. In view of the manifest superiority of the Anglo-Saxon seaman, as proved by the events of the Hispano-American War, it may be hoped that British shipowners will support the scheme, which is quite optional, as the clause is not compulsory. It is proposed to give the scheme a five years' trial.

In connection with the forthcoming manœuvres in Wilts and Dorset, a huge cavalry camp has been formed near Bulford, on Salisbury Plain, the nearest railway station (six miles) being Porton, on the London and South-Western main line. The camp comprises about 3700 men, with close upon 3000 horses, the regiments represented being the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards Blue, 2nd, 3rd, and 7th Dragoon Guards, 1st Royal Dragoons, 10th and 15th Hussars, &c. The horses of the troopers are tethered in the open, officers' chargers being provided with canvas-covered shedding. "The Blues" have their famous cooking-stove, which is capable of serving hot meals for seven hundred men. There is a fully equipped hospital. The men are enjoying perfect health. They will take part in the manœuvres towards the end of the month, when it is expected sixty thousand troops will be engaged.



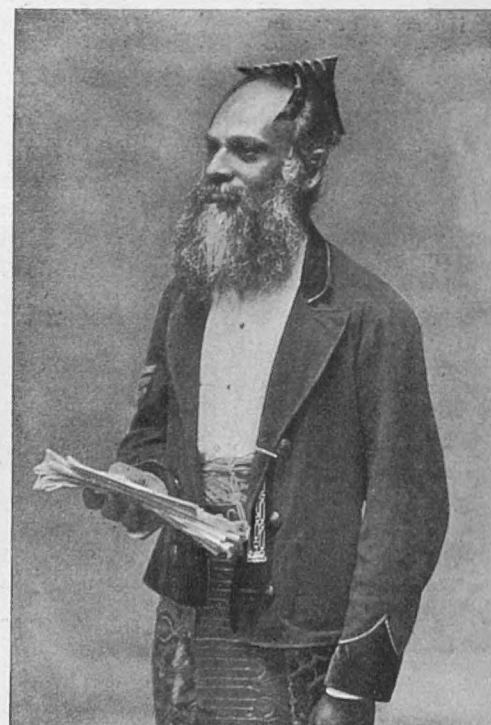
THE KITCHEN OF "THE BLUES."

I see that the Bishop of Havana recently issued a militant Pastoral holding up the examples of such temporarily warlike saints as St. Louis (of course, that pious and unfortunate French Crusader, Louis IX.), St. Ferdinand, and St. Maurice. He did not refer to the legend of the patron saint of Spain, St. James of Compostella, who, seated on his white charger in the forefront of the battle, often inspired to victory the Spanish troops, buoyed up with the fierce cry of "Santiago." Less familiar is the story of St. Maurice, who fought before the standard in the Theban Legion in the army of the Emperor Maximian, and was, on becoming a Christian, doomed to a terrible death. His son was slain before his eyes, and Maurice, tied to a stake in marshy ground and cruelly besmeared with honey, was left to the tender mercies of the wasps and flies that infested the dismal swamp. As the old chronicler says, facetiously, I suppose, "His death was made all the sweeter by the honey."

The best idea of a P. and O. voyage I have seen is Mr. Harry Furniss's album of sketches, published by the Studio of Design Agency. Every sketch occupies a page, and is faced by an explanatory paragraph. The funniest picture in the series is the view of the Suez Canal. I cannot say I admire Mr. Furniss's wash-work, but in pen-and-ink he still holds his own.

The Arachi, or head postman, at the Post Office, Kandy, is an official whom the visitor to Ceylon cannot fail to notice. Clad in a semi-military uniform of scarlet coat with gold lace, and with a tortoiseshell toque, he delivers his letters with as much *sang-froid* as the smartest of our City postmen. He is, withal, a civil and courteous official.

A new regulation in New York fixes the height of policemen, who in future are to be at least 5 ft. 11 in. in height. The town of New York, so the Yankees say, holds the record in tall policemen. Harry Graham, surnamed by his comrades Goliath, is just under 6 ft. 6 in. and weighs 18 stone. He belongs to the Broadway Brigade, which is composed of the picked men of the American police. There are ninety in the Brigade, all above the average stature, their mean height being 6 ft. 3 in. They are charged with the work of regulating the traffic on Broadway, which is not the easiest task in the world. Another of the Brigade is the famous Archibald Taggart, who is well known for his size and for the number of notorious criminals he has arrested.



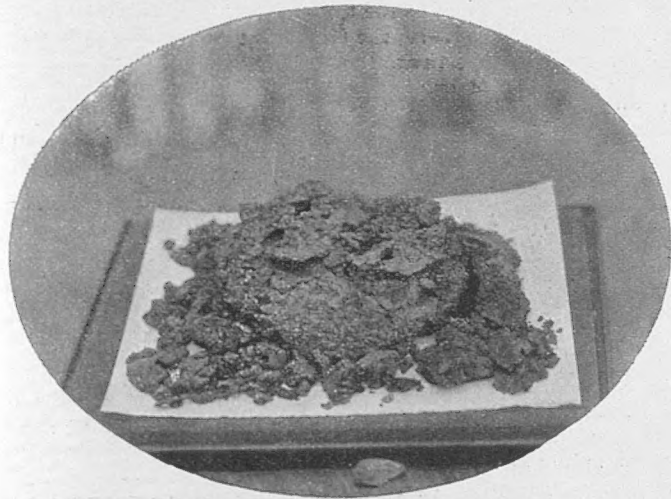
A CEYLON POSTMASTER.

The Zionists are organising a great pilgrimage to Jerusalem. They have arranged to arrive in the Holy City a few days before the Emperor William. Happy Emperor!

Mr. J. M. Brydon, who is designing the new block of public offices to be erected in Parliament Street, began life at Liverpool, and spent his probation with Messrs. Hay. Migrating northward, he aimed to base his style on that affected by the Scottish builders of the baronial period. But, coming to London and entering the offices of Messrs. Nesfield and Shaw, he was carried away by the new influence then revolutionising architecture, and passionately devoted himself to the work of Wren and Inigo Jones.

Strange, with such a training and with such youthful predilections, he was swept from his moorings by the new tastes. Red brick, which he had abhorred, became his medium. He built Lewins, in Kent, and Pickhurst, in Surrey; he put additions to Lord Bramwell's Holmwood. For M. Tissot he erected the house in St. John's Wood which has since been transferred to Mr. Alma-Tadema. St. Peter's Hospital, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, is Mr. Brydon's; as are the Women's Hospital, in the Euston Road, and the Chelsea Public Library, and the adjacent Polytechnic. He has done a quaint village-hall for East Grinstead. But what has gained him his election to the post of architect for the Westminster site is undoubtedly his success with the Municipal Buildings at Bath, and the Technical Schools which balance them. He has shown that he can deal largely with large structures, and he may be expected to produce, on one of the most notable sites in Europe, a monument to himself which will perpetuate his fame.

Here is a picture of the very first retorted gold obtained by the milling process in Matabeleland. The gold, a trifle over sixty ounces, comes from the Umgusa district, about six miles from Bulawayo, and is the result of twenty-two days' crushing by a three-stamp Fraser and Chalmers prospector's mill, with a falling weight of only 300 lb. The amount of ore crushed was about sixty tons, and, as is usually the



RETORTED GOLD FROM MATABELELAND.
Photo by Edmund Hay, Bulawayo.

case, the plates being new, a certain amount of gold was lost. The ore has in no way been picked, and is a fair sample of the quartz found on the particular claims which are being worked. The assay of the tailings gives a result of 7 dwt., so that it can be roughly estimated as being a gold proposition of $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to the ton.

A few supplementary facts to those given recently in these columns concerning Mr. John Chapman, who has just retired from the post of janitor and mace-bearer in the University of Edinburgh, cannot fail to be of interest to readers of *The Sketch* in many lands. Erect and soldierly in bearing as ever, the "bedellus" feels the weight of years, and his figure is now less gigantic and imposing than it was a score of years ago. Mr. Chapman served for twenty-four years in the 2nd Life Guards; at the marriage of the Princess Royal, and when the Princess of Wales passed through London prior to her wedding, he carried the Royal Standard in the processions; he was present at the Duke of Wellington's funeral, and he had charge of the Advance Guard at the Proclamation of Peace at the close of the Crimean War. For thirty-three years Mr. Chapman has filled the office of chief janitor in the Northern University; and, as a testimony of his worth, Principal Sir William Muir, in name of past and present members of the Senatus Academicus, presented the "bedellus" with a purse of sovereigns and a piece of plate.

Bright weather favoured the fête at Dunmow this year, when thousands of persons went from London and all parts of the surrounding country to witness the ceremony and trial of the claimants. There were two claimants for the fitches—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, living appropriately at Hamworth Road, Hounslow, and Mr. and Mrs. Frost, of Sutton, Surrey, where Mr. Frost is verger of Christ Church. Mr. Herbert, who is an old-furniture dealer, claimed the fitch on the grounds that he and his consort "ne'er made nuptial transgression, nor, since they were married man and wife, by household brawls or contentious strife or otherwise, at bed or board, offended each other by deed or word." The ladies of the jury were dressed uniformly in plain white, while the six male jurors sat behind them. The judge wore a red gown trimmed

with blue velvet, and had donned a full-bottomed wig; counsel on each side wore the usual gown, wig, and bands of a barrister-at-law. The trial took place, first of all, of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert. Counsel for the



DUNMOW.

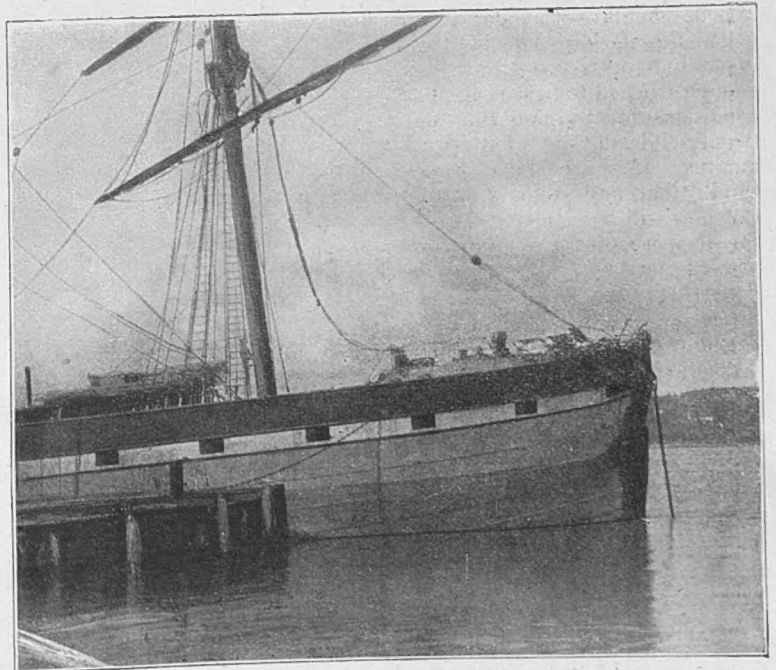
Photo by Gray and Jessop, Rosebery Avenue.

claimants spoke in eulogistic terms of love. Mr. Herbert's father had been a sailor, and the son himself was only prevented by an accident from joining the expedition of Sir John Franklin to the North Pole. But, instead of his bones bleaching in the Arctic regions, he was there that day as claimant. It was now thirty years since Mr. Herbert had met Miss Elizabeth Henson at Shoreham, and had married her after a brief engagement of fourteen weeks.

Despite the assertions in the newspapers, Ben Nevis Observatory is not to be closed after all—at least, not until the lapse of one year—for the sum the Government refused to provide as a subsidy has been gifted by Mr. J. Mackay Bernard, Kippenross. In order that the Observatory may be carried on for another year, this gentleman has promised to give £500, and has expressed the hope that, before the end of that time, arrangements may have been made for the permanent carrying on of the work by State aid. For a period of fifteen years a series of observations has been obtained by night and by day, and not seldom in the most trying circumstances, at the high-level and low-level houses on Ben Nevis. The two observatories are well equipped and in full working order, and Mr. Mackay Bernard's gift has afforded the directors temporary relief from their anxiety at the anticipated closing of the observatories, which are essential, in their opinion, to the meteorological observing system of the country.

In Buda-Pesth the police have just secured a whole gang of shop-lifters. They were almost exclusively women, and the chief of the band was the rich owner of a large estate in Hungary.

It is remarkable that the steamer *Cromartyshire* was not damaged more than she was by the collision with the *Burgogne*, for this picture of the vessel, which was taken just after her return to Halifax, Nova Scotia, shows the merest scratch.



THE "CROMARTYSHIRE" LYING AT HALIFAX.
Photo by Mr. Keith Jopp.

Among the seven Government Whips who have received silver cigar-cases and gold match-boxes the most interesting is Lord Stanley. All are zealous and suave, but Lord Stanley has the strongest individuality. He is tall and robust, with a frank, healthy face, undisciplined hair, and a general air of freedom. A genial, amiable young man is the first



THE HON. MRS. CECIL HOWARD AND HER DOGS.
Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

impression formed of him. But he is more than that. He possesses in exceptional degree the art of managing men. As a negotiator with members of the Opposition he has shown conspicuous skill and success. If anyone can oil the wheels of the Parliamentary machine, it is Lord Stanley. His easy manners make him a general favourite, and he is quite unaffected by partisan priggishness. The noble lord is thirty-three years old. When very little older, his grandfather, the Premier Earl of Derby, was Secretary of State for the Colonies, but the average age of our statesmen has recently stood very high. It would be strange for the State to be without a Stanley in its service. One generation succeeds another at St. Stephen's, and Lord Stanley's career in an assembly where his ancestors have been so distinguished will be watched with the most kindly feeling. It is interesting to note that his wife is the daughter of the Duchess of Devonshire and aunt of the present Duke of Manchester. His uncle, the late Lord Derby, was married to the present Lord Salisbury's mother.

In the expiring days of the Session no member has been more prominent than "Jimmy" Caldwell, the douce representative of Mid-Lanarkshire. There is in every party in Opposition one member who acts as a drag to the legislative machine. This function, useful at times, is performed by Mr. Caldwell. In appearance he looks the mildest-mannered man who ever obstructed a Bill. His soft, shrewd face, white side-whiskers, and canny ways suggest to Englishmen the typical Scottish deacon. Mr. Caldwell began life as a lawyer, and, although he took to the calico-printing business, he has never forgotten his early profession. Like Sir George Trevelyan, he was a Unionist for some time after the Irish split in the Liberal Party, but subsequently "found salvation" (to quote Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's phrase), and is now the most persistent member of the Opposition. Colleagues watch his industry with surprise and amusement, and perhaps a little envy. He is always in the House, except when he is in the Library preparing his innumerable speeches. There is no subject on which he cannot speak for an hour at a time, and there is no member who is less disposed to relinquish his rights of speech. The last days of the Session, when nearly all other Parliamentarians are anxious to get away, are his happiest period. However much the prospect of a holiday may slacken the zeal of others, it only increases Mr. Caldwell's industry.

Parliamentary links with the early decades of the century are fast disappearing. A short time ago there were seven survivors of the House of Commons as it was in the year of the Queen's accession. Now there are only three. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Villiers, and Sir Thomas Acland have been quickly followed to the grave by Lord Mansfield. There are now only two men alive who sat in the unreformed Parliament—the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Mexborough. Lord Mansfield's death removes the last of those who dined in the crypt at the House of Commons with the Speaker before the fire of 1834.

The venerable Earl had at least two ancestors who helped to make history. Sir David Murray of Gossportie was Cupbearer to James VI., and, having been instrumental in saving his life from the attempt of the Earl of Gowrie and his brother in 1600, he became a great favourite with that monarch, accompanied him to England, and was created Lord Scone in 1608, having previously obtained a grant of the Abbey of Scone, of which the Earl of Gowrie had been Commendator. In 1621 Lord Scone was advanced to the dignity of Viscount of Stormont.

It was in the early part of the next century, however, that "the silver-tongued Murray" was born. Called to the English Bar in 1730, William Murray attained, with unprecedented rapidity, the highest reputation in his profession. He was a friend of Pope, who addressed to him his Imitation of the Sixth Epistle of the First Book of Horace.

In 1742 he was made Solicitor-General, in 1754 Attorney-General, and in 1756 Lord Chief Justice of England. On the same day he was elevated to the peerage as Baron Mansfield. Twenty years later he was made Earl of Mansfield, and in 1892 he obtained a second patent, creating him Earl of Mansfield "of Caen Wood, Co. Middlesex." Will London buy Caen Wood as it has bought Golder's Hill, and thus make Hampstead Heath bigger than ever?

Few recent printers' errors have had so grotesque an effect as that perpetrated in one of the editions of the *Star* the other evening. A brief account of the case of Mr. George Edwardes and the underwriters of "The Dove-Cot" was dropped, so it seems, from nowhere into the middle of a racy report of the case of Mrs. Langtry's ex-butler. Leaving out the mere details of the former suit, the account ran, therefore, in this fashion—

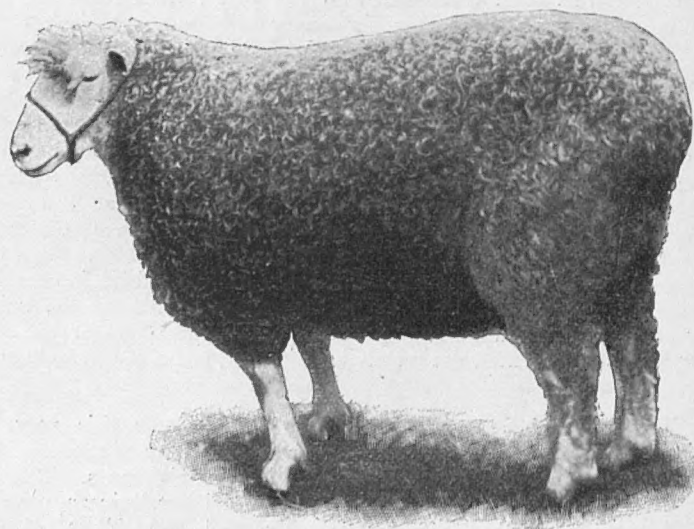
"Did you generally have champagne when you went to Mrs. Langtry's?"
"Oh no; that was the only occasion."
"You remember having a fight with a man named Stewart?"
"Yes."
The Judge was of the same opinion, and gave him £700.
"That was in Mrs. Langtry's area?"
"Yes, sir."

The spectacle of a Judge giving £700 in Mrs. Langtry's area to a butler who had been having a fight with a man named Stewart is one which should prove comforting to those who still uphold the morality of the crushing art of self-defence.

"By the death of Bismarck, the ferocious butcher and bandit," says the French Press, "the martyrs of Bazeilles are avenged." In that little village, only about one and a-half miles from the walled town of Sedan, the great German statesman has been detested even more heartily than elsewhere in France as the man of fire, blood, and iron. Early on that fatal day, Sept. 1, 1870, the Germans fired the village. Women and children fled in all directions. In a few hours the whole place was in ashes with the exception of one house, which is still standing and is known as the "Inn of the Last Shots." There it was that the French soldiers made one of the bravest defences throughout the whole war, compelling even the admiration of their enemies. It was this incident which inspired de Neuville's famous war-picture "Les Dernières Cartouches," the scene being laid in the first-floor room, which has been left, even to the paper on the wall, the bullet-holes in the wardrobe, the walls, and the ceiling, as it was in 1870. The same family, Bougerie, still own the inn, which possesses a Visitors' Book, containing the names of thousands who have travelled thither from all parts of the world.

On the old site another village has been erected, in which every house and street and square has been named in commemoration of some brave deed, while in the Place d'Infanterie de Marine there is a fine granite column, and another memorial in the quaint courtyard of the old Château, also destroyed, to the soldiers and inhabitants who sacrificed their lives for *la Patrie*. Across a few fields a solitary tree in a landscape marks the spot where MacMahon fell wounded very early in the morning.

But the most gruesome monument of all is the Charnel House, or Ossuary, in the village cemetery. Immediately in front of the entrance to this crypt there is a column of moderate proportions which the Germans have courteously been permitted to erect to their countrymen who were killed in the district. Passing down several steps and through two iron gates, the visitor finds himself in a vaulted passage, on each side of which are some five or six dimly lighted, chapel-like compartments,



THIS RAM WAS SOLD FOR ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.
Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

each containing human bones picked off the battlefield. Those to the right of the passage are French bones, those to the left German bones. In the centre of each compartment is a secondary path with beds on each side; but, in lieu of flowers, human bones lie in a confused litter, and, in lieu of a border, bones, such as those of the arms and legs, are neatly arranged.

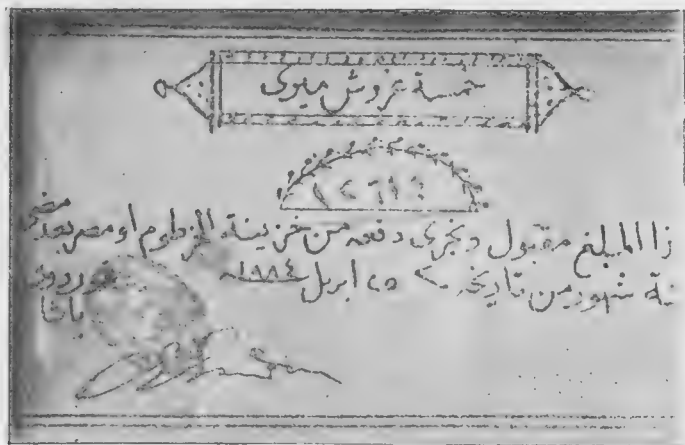
When I published Mr. Welsh's excellent photograph of the old Connaught graveyard with the tobacco-pipes strewn about it, the Belfast *Evening Telegraph* was very angry and boldly declared I had been hoaxed. I know that the custom is rare in Ireland, but that it still exists I have got a confirmation in a recent issue of the *Umpire*, to which a correspondent writes—

When I went to Salruick I went a little out of my way to see one of the most curious graveyards I ever came across. It is "the graveyard of the pipes." It is situate on a mountain-side, amid a small plantation—the only trees for miles. The graves are cut out of the rock, and the coffins covered merely with the excavated débris, while on and about the resting-places of the dead are countless pipes—ordinary short white clays. It is the custom at a funeral here for every mourner to be served with a pipe and tobacco on arrival at the place. After the burial the pipes are filled and smoked—by women as well as by men—amid profound silence, and then, after a short interval, the ashes are knocked out, the pipes laid on the grave, and the friends depart. There is no church. In very few cases are there any inscriptions to record the names of the dead beneath; in fact, in the great majority of instances the graves are not covered by slabs at all—merely by the pieces of rough stone—so that the elements can find a ready way to the corpse and speedily reduce it to its original elements. It seems strange to find such an object-lesson in sanitation in such an out-of-the-way corner of the world. Of its origin no man could tell me.

Furthermore, I may quote Anthony Pasquin, who, in his "Eccentricities of John Edlin, Comedian," wrote, many a long year ago, of a wake at Waterford in 1766 as follows—

Father Ballybough, who had been drowning his grief in vast potations of the Lethian juice, got up with much difficulty and reeled in a zigzag direction towards his clay-cold friend, whom he seized by the hand, and, crossing his breast, thus ejaculated, "Bad luck to you, Paddy now! Why was you after going to that same shebeen house without first asking my lave, my jewel? Get out of that with your laughing, you comical joker," said he, tapping the forehead of the deceased. "To be sure, you don't remember when I *etched* you making eyes at Katty Macfooster in the chapel itself, you spalpeen, last Lammass; but I forgive you with all the veins in my heart, I do. Here, you *taaf* of the world, take this and put it under your wig," continued the disciple of Christ, sticking a short pipe between the teeth of the corpse; "it will *kape* you comfortable in the winter months, my honey."

In view of the forthcoming Nile Campaign and advance to Khartoum, an added interest attaches to anything connected with the heroic defence



THE SOUDANESE TOMMY'S SHILLING ISSUED BY GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

of that town by General Gordon. Here is a photograph of a note issued during the siege for the payment of the Soudanese troops, which was brought down the Nile by one of them, who joined the Bayuda Desert Column in front of Metemneh before the news of the fall of Khartoum had been received. It was bought from him by Lieutenant E. L. Munro, R.N., who was himself badly wounded in the zereba at Gubat. Its face value is said to be only five piastres, or about one shilling, and, as will be noted, it bears the signature "C. E. Gordon."

The sport of betting on a ship's run during a long voyage has been improved upon at Calcutta, where everybody is mad now over a system of speculation on the arrival of rain. There is a large tank which has to be filled with rain-water for a punter to win his bet, and the odds vary according to the probability. When the tank is nearly full, you must lay heavy odds on; but when it is empty and the rainy season is still far off, you may receive almost any odds. So vastly interested in this game has everyone grown that all sorts of forms of divination are in use. Perhaps the best of these is one that was recently employed by a fortunate punter, who made no less than seventy-five thousand rupees by his foresight. He made arrangements with his agents to telegraph to him news of any storm which might occur in the neighbouring villages. One day he received information of a great tempest some fifty miles away, and hastened to stake heavily on the off-chance of its directing its course to Calcutta. The tank was then empty and the rainy season was still far off, so he received very handsome odds, and everyone was amazed when, much to his profit, a couple of hours later a storm burst upon Calcutta and filled the tank to overflowing. The Indians are convinced that he must have had recourse to witchcraft to bring about this fortunate result.

One of the best portraits of the Prince of Wales that I have seen for many years appears in an excellent article, entitled "If the Queen had

Abdicated," in *Harper's Magazine* for this month. It is from a photograph by J. F. Langhans, the Court Photographer of Prague and Marienbad, and is beautifully engraved on wood. The article itself is excellently done; it is a eulogy of his Royal Highness.

Gosling's Bank is gone. The last basketful left Fleet Street the other evening, and now there is a huge gap, as of a mighty tooth



THE LAST OF GOSLING'S BANK IS IN THIS BASKET.
Photo by H. C. Shelley.

withdrawn, between the buildings on each side. And the dust-storm which has raged in Fleet Street any time these past ten weeks is laid to rest. It was the baskets which did it. From the topmost stone to the lowermost brick all the materials of that venerable bank have been carted away in baskets; and as each workman came out with his load, a new cloud of dust rose on the air, mingled at times with something which was not dust, emanating from the passer-by who was more interested in his black frock-coat than in the removal of Gosling's Bank. For ten weeks the procession of workmen never ceased. From early morning to late afternoon, carts stood in a row along the pavement side, and bore away in their turn their brimming burden of brick and stone and wood, which have ended now for ever their long companionship, and will enter soon perchance on new associations with other derelicts from other ancient buildings. It has taken some seventy-two thousand basketfuls to complete the removal. Each week's work gives a total of a hundred and eighty cartloads, and each cartload represents the contents of some forty baskets.

Lord Ashbourne, says the *Genealogical Magazine*, always keeps the door of Howth Castle open during dinner. The reason is very curious. When Grace O'Malley, the famous Queen of Connaught, better known as Granuaile, was returning to Connaught from a mission to England, she wished to visit the Lord Howth of the day. On calling at Howth Castle, she was informed that the family were at dinner. Enraged at not being invited to join them, she stole the heir, a child whom she found playing on the strand, and took him with her to Connaught.



TEN FEET BENEATH THE LEVEL OF FLEET STREET.
Photo by H. C. Shelley.

The American Yellow journals to hand are writ large with the rumoured engagement of Mr. W. W. Astor and Mrs. Ogden Goelet, the widow of the late Mr. Goelet, who died at Cowes a year ago. Mrs. Goelet is the daughter of Mr. Richard T. Wilson, banker in New York, who was born in Georgia in 1831, and served in the Confederate Army as Commissary-General. He married a member of an old Georgia family, and this lady has achieved a brilliant series of successes for her family, thus—

Marshall Orme Wilson married in 1884 Miss Caroline Astor, a cousin of Mr. W. W. Astor and a sister of Colonel John Jacob Astor, who raised the battery of artillery.

May Wilson married Mr. Ogden Goelet, who died last year, leaving two daughters, one of whom is reported to be engaged to the Duke of Roxburghe.

Lelia Wilson married in 1888 the Hon. Michael Henry Herbert (brother of the Earl of Pembroke), who has just been appointed to our Embassy at Paris in the place of Sir Martin Gosselin, the new Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

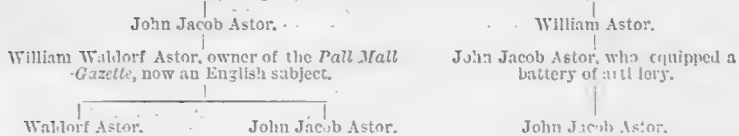
Grace Wilson married in 1896 Cornelius Vanderbilt junior.

The Yellow journals are running the Duke of Roxburghe hard—at the expense of his cousin, the Duke of Manchester, with a touch of resentment that the latter should marry an English girl, albeit she is a Wilson also. This attitude is very curious.

Meantime I show you where the owner of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (whose real estate in New York amounts to £22,000,000) comes into the Astor family. The first John Jacob had a brother George, who made musical instruments in London, so that the owner of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is not quite a stranger in our midst, and besides he had a Scotch great-grandmother, Sarah Todd. He also had a brother Henry in New York, to whom he went out. The relationship of the two Astors who so occupy the attention of the world at present is quite clear—

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, born at Waldorf, went to America, where he married, in 1783, — Sarah Todd, the daughter of a Scot.

William Backhouse Astor, born 1792; died 1875.



Elsewhere in this issue I illustrate the Dickens Fête at Broadstairs, which proved a great success the other day. Dickens is usually regarded



THE HOUSE, 387, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LANDPORT, WHERE DICKENS WAS BORN.

Photo by Critch, Southsea.

as a Cockney born and bred. As a matter of fact, he was brought into the world at 387, Mile End Terrace, Commercial Road, Landport, Portsea, on Feb. 7, 1812, his father then being a clerk in the Portsmouth Dockyard, at £80 a-year.

As I passed the remains of the Old Bell, in Holborn, the other day, I wondered what had become of the statuette of Napoleon which stood in a niche of the courtyard wall. I never knew why it came to be



THE OLD BELL INN, HOLBORN, SHOWING THE BUST OF NAPOLEON.

Photo by Freeman Doraston, George Street, N.W.

placed there, unless it was put up at the time of Waterloo, when England heaved a sigh of extreme relief as the last fears of invasion vanished.

Every post brings me in guide-books. I must compliment the publishers on the way they have got up the official guide to Greenore, Carlingford Lough, the Mourne Mountains, and the Boyne Valley, to which the London and North-Western Railway will spin you speedily from Euston. The country is charming and is full of interests which most tourists have little idea of. As I have had occasion to mention at different times, an enormous improvement in the hotel accommodation of the country makes Ireland an increasingly desirable place for the tourist. If you wish to find another form of Celt, you cannot do better than follow one of the seventy routes of the Highland Railway in Scotland, which has issued its annual guide.

In contradistinction to the man for whom this information is of the utmost moment at present, here is a type of Londoner who rarely can be got to leave town. I know one who writes as follows—

My London; I'm waiting on you,
While others go down to the briny
To trip in a tennis shoe,
While I must be shod in a shiny.
I never have sworn at
Your Harrykin's "storr 'at,"
And yet I had rather be here
Than bask in a blazer,
A "Cooky" or "Gazer"—
At least, at this time of the year.

My London, I linger awhile,
The more that I'm told you are empty;
For "Mawgate" is not in my style,
And lodgings are not very tempty.
The hills and the heather
Are nice; if the weather
Is dry, with the birds on the wing.
But yet I can stifle
My wish for a rifle:
For London is better than ling.

My London, pray why should I "get,"
What time you have thinned down the traffic?
The sea may be "silver" (and yet
My passion is not *Telegraphic*).
But give me the river
With lamplight a-quiver,
And shimmering shadows aloat.
Although I'm no Tory,
I love what is hoary—
And London is ever my note. . . .

Let others skip the yellow sand—
I like another sort of Strand;
For while there is a sky above,
It's London, London Town, I love.

South Africa never fails to welcome home with open arms any of her returning sons, whether native or adopted. Naturally, the warmth of the welcome is proportioned to their success abroad, and few more deserved receptions have been recorded than that to Mr. Frank Wheeler (whom you may remember as the shopman at the Gaiety) after his successful sojourn in London. It is many years since the Wheeler Combination—consisting of Wheeler père, mère, et fils—arrived in South Africa, and Mr. Wheeler's career, both in South Africa and at home, has been watched by the many friends he has gained by his talent and honourable, manly reputation. On his arrival at Cape Town on the *Briton* he was accorded a public reception, and on the opening night an address of welcome was read to him by the Hon. J. T. Sivewright.

I have before me a programme which will be historical yet. It reads—

Trinity College, University of Melbourne. Wednesday, 22nd June, 1898. "The Alcestis" of Euripides. First Performed in the Theatre of Dionysus at Athens, at the Feast of the City Dionysia, 438 B.C., in the Archonship of Glaucinus: Subsequently in the Town Hall of Melbourne, Australia, on the Evening of 22nd of June, 1898, by the Students of Trinity College, in the Administration of Sir John Madden, Acting-Governor. The First Representation of a Greek Tragedy in Victoria.

This was by no means the first essay of Trinity College in the production of classical drama. At various times, under the personal superintendence of Dr. Leeper, the Warden, representations of Browning's "Strafford," and of the "Mostellaria," the "Rudens," and the "Aulularia" of Plautus have been given by the students. In attempting "The Alcestis" a more formidable task presented itself, but it was accomplished with pronounced success. The performance was the more noteworthy because of the fine musical setting of the drama by Professor Marshall Hall, Professor of Music in the University and Director of the Conservatorium. The music was at once dignified, virile, and picturesque, the solemn funeral march being particularly impressive. An orchestra of eighty performers, many of them being students of the Conservatorium, rendered the orchestral music; while a choir of about the same number of members of the Melbourne Liedertafel assisted the "chorus" of old men of Phææ who appeared on the stage. The whole affair was a great success.

I am not a vegetarian, and I have never been impressed by the gospel that the slaughter of animals for food prevents the moral uplifting of the human race. But I always read the articles in which vegetarians defend their strange habits. Here is Dr. Josiah Oldfield, in the *Nineteenth Century*,

explaining why, though a vegetarian, he eats eggs and drinks milk. Eggs and milk, he says, represent "nascent vitality," whereas the flesh of animals is "used-up vitality." Dear me! And, pray, how long does the egg retain its "nascent" quality? At the stage in which it is usually eaten by Londoners, I should say that it is considerably more "used up" than the average chop. And has anybody ever discovered



HOW MR. FRANK WHEELER WAS WELCOMED HOME AT THE OPERA HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

the "nascent vitality" of London milk? I am indebted to the excellent Josiah for his original humour, but he does not persuade me that the consumption of eggs and milk is consistent with vegetarian principles.

Here's a fascinating advertisement. A lady journalist, aged twenty-two, "considered by some to be handsome," "rather a Bohemian," "seeks a man friend." Not a husband, please to understand, for she has no desire to marry "for at least six years." She prefers "a young fellow" in or near London, but would like to "correspond with a foreigner or an Englishman living abroad." Yes, but he must be "a gentleman in the truest sense of the word." "Birth immaterial," which does not mean, I presume, that she yearns for somebody unborn. There is nothing transcendental about her. "No spiritualists or theosophists" need apply. It is all very charming and naïve, but why advertise? If a lady journalist cannot find a "man friend" to her liking without advertising for him, there must be something very imperfect in her qualifications!

I have read Tolstoi's "What is Art?" with compassion. Imagine the author of "Anna Karénina" warning us against it as "bad art"! Figure the state of a mind, once sane and penetrating, which discovers that all Greek art is bad, that Shakspeare, Dante, Milton, are bad, that nothing in literature can be good unless it appeals to the religious instincts of a Russian peasant! There are people in this country who accept this gospel quite gravely and call it "Christian"! Well, "What is Art?" is a curiosity in dementia; but, having read it, I do not want any more, and the subsequent proceedings of Count Tolstoi will not adorn my shelves along with "Anna Karénina" and "War and Peace."

The King of Greece recently laid the foundation-stone of the national theatre on the lines of the Comédie Française in Athens. M. Ange Vlachos has been appointed Director.



THE DEATH OF ALCESTIS (AT MELBOURNE), ADMETUS AND ONE OF THE CHILDREN KNEELING BESIDE HER.

The statue erected to poor Maupassant barely a few months ago in the Parc Monceau already conveys a melancholy impression of the irrevocable. The recumbent female figure at the base of the monument, clad in garments that were fashionable so long ago as last year, appears to the few women who still step aside from the main path to gaze for a few seconds on the features of the man who knew their sex so well to be a hopeless anachronism; and the worst of it is, it is this figure that principally attracts the eye. This is a pity. Though he passed like a brilliant meteor through the sky of literature, Maupassant deserves, and will certainly be accorded, a permanent and honourable niche in the Temple of Fame. Facile as his pen seemed in the brief heyday of his celebrity, the facility was acquired, not natural. It was the result of constant unremitting striving after perfection. Every useless and banal phrase, word, and even syllable, was carefully weeded out, the result being that his style became a model of condensed power that can probably never be excelled.

Much as has been penned regarding Maupassant, the true story of his existence has still to be written. Towards the close of his career, before the final engulfment of his intellect, he fell a prey to the bright glances of a beautiful serpent in woman's form, and perhaps the saddest feature of the case was that he, who had so long been the scathing satirist of contemporary follies, became himself transformed into a humble slave of the tailor and the bootmaker, and a jeering world was given the pitiful spectacle of a Maupassant placing his supreme happiness in the fit and buttoning of a coat or the form of his foot-covering. No wonder Maupassant was popular with women. He understood and sympathised with all their most intimate weaknesses and hidden aspirations. "Women," he says somewhere, "have no caste, no race; their beauty, their grace, their charm, serve them in lieu of title-deeds and ancestral trees. Their innate subtlety, that intuitive elegance which is characteristic of them, the versatility of their wit, are the sole qualities by which they rank, qualities that may make the daughter of the people the equal, and more than the equal, of the grandest dame."

Another statue of Balzac has recently been finished. This time it is by M. Falguière, and is destined to appear in next year's Salon. The great author of the "Comédie Humaine" is represented seated, dressed in the garb of a monk.

The Paris Conservatoire has just finished its examinations, and the Paris critics and caricaturists have, as usual, whetted their beaks upon this last social function to which the now languid boulevard consents to be roused. They jeer at the building, which deserves it richly, particularly in its audience-hall; at the professors, poor scapegoats, for sins artificial and natural; and at the pupils, unhappy novices, whose first efforts are being made before the audience the most critical in the world. The Conservatoire débutantes deserve sympathy. They must tremble in this crucial moment not only at the Sardous and Sarcneys that will pronounce on their destiny, but at the prospect of some practical joke played upon them by their companions, as when the young Phèdre, in a sublime fury, threw herself upon the scabbard and drew out the handle to which there was no blade attached, evoking a titter, or as when Othello, pressing the pillow down over Desdemona, the bed gave way and all fell together to the floor.

This is mere good-natured laughter at inexperience; but since last year there is a new character in the criticisms of the Conservatoire, and, if we are to take the Paris critics at their word, the first School of Dramatic Art in the world is a colossal failure. Even the mild Sarcney calls it an artificial hatching-machine, and M. Alexandre, of the *Figaro*, says that, where it should develop eagles, it brings forth only canaries. The reason for this severity is the apparition in Paris of the Duse. Madame Duse captured the most artistic audience in the world, all in neglecting that for which the Conservatoire exists—the traditions of art. It is not likely that the revelation of greatness reached by another road will modify in one jot the path that leads to the Comédie Française; at the same time, it must be recognised that the discussion is lively when one of the moderate critics can suggest that the best reform for the Conservatoire would be to make it a bonfire to a national holiday.

Jeanne Granier has been opening her heart to a correspondent of the *Figaro* about her reception in London, which, she declares, surpassed

her wildest dreams. She says that she found the English *grandes dames* most courteous and fascinating, and that it is from London that she brings back the most exquisite and charming souvenir of all her artistic triumphs on foreign shores. The *Figaro* is not entirely pleased. "Ungrateful Jeanne Granier," it says; "have you so soon forgotten that you are also *l'enfant gâté* of Parisian saloons? Why is it that you keep all your sweetest songs and warmest praise for London?" The French soubrette has now taken her departure for Deauville.

Miss Edyth Olive, who appeared as Maysie in the production of "One Summer's Day" in the open at Kingston-on-Thames the other day, used to be Mrs. Patrick Campbell's understudy. Lately she has been playing Rosalind and Viola for Mr. Ben Greet.

To possess a Scotch moor is the latest desire of the gay Parisienne's heart, and this eccentric juxtaposition has become an accomplished fact lately, the husband of a lady well known in French society having taken a big shooting in Inverness, with the intention of entertaining largely there this autumn. "Le Sport" as it is known beyond the Tweed will be actively pursued by Young France with a sprinkling of native forces thrown in. M. and Madame Achille Fould, being recognised authorities in the gentle art of entertaining, will be more than ever to the front over the Border.

If you go to Folkestone you will find some great improvements, notably the rebuilding and remodelling of the old-established Royal Pavilion Hotel. Mr. R. W. Edis has been the architect, and Maple has furnished it. The hotel, which is owned by Henry Frederick and Co., Limited, who organised the handsome Coburg Hotel in Grosvenor

Square, is nearer the sea than any other, and, in view of the new arrangements by which the South-Eastern and London, Chatham, and Dover Railways will work together, Folkestone should become more popular than ever. The hotel is specially suited for travellers from the Continent. The equipment of the lounge has been very cleverly conceived. The furniture in the adjoining smoking-room is of the Sheraton type, and the public dining-room is Georgian.

Miss Juliette Nesville has gone back to petticoats. Personally I preferred her in the blouse she wore in "An Artist's Model." It is curious how the type of part she plays has become so popular of recent years.

I have pointed out in these columns before to-day that London is not under the complete control of the police. At present certain of the good people of

Lambeth are uniting, or trying to unite, for the purpose of clearing off some of the ruffians who infest their less-frequented streets and do not hesitate to commit highway robbery with just as much violence as is necessary. There are many districts in London where the police control is wholly ineffective.



A MONUMENT TO MAUPASSANT.



MISS EDYTH OLIVE.

Photo by A. Whitlock, Wolverhampton.



MISS JULIETTE NESVILLE AS A BOY.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

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MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS ROSALIND.

Miss "Dolly" Baird, pictured here by the London Stereoscope Company, left Oxford to become famous as Trilby in the dramatized version of Mr. Du Maurier's famous book. She is a descendant of Mistress Dorothy Foster, the heroine of Sir Walter Besant's romance. She is the wife of Mr. H. B. Irving, and therefore the daughter-in-law of Sir Henry Irving, the leader of the English drama. She is the sister of Mrs. Edward Tyas Cook, and therefore the sister-in-law of the Editor of the "Daily News," who guides the Nonconformist Conscience.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE GALLOPING HORSE.

BY R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

The curate sat in old Mr. Robson's chintz-covered arm-chair, nodding now and then as the mistress of the farm paused in her outburst of excited speech. He was married and the father of ten children, but bourgeois youthful affectations still hung thick about him, for, instead of leaving his cup and saucer on the tray, he held them in his lean white hands, crooking his little fingers daintily, while his speech was usually punctuated with many "sweetly pretties" and "passionately fond." Withal, a good man, according to his lights, and endowed with a certain liking of the dutiful in his fellow-creatures.

He had come up by the widow's request, for her daughter was dying, and she was too proud to speak of her wild trouble to kinsfolk who had never viewed her with any courtesy since her marriage to a man aged enough to have been her father.

She was slightly incoherent in her request for advice, but the curate thought he understood.

"Really, Mrs. Robson," he said gently, at last, "it is a most painful case. Yes, thank you, another cup of tea—three lumps, yes; I have a sweet tooth. Of course, I think that you should have consulted me before, when Hannah was in better health, and then I could have admonished her. Now we can only pray. But, none the less, it is our bounden duty to tell her that she should wrest her affections from all unworthy worldliness and look up to the skies, whence comfort—"

Mrs. Robson's face had grown cold and hard; a heavy perspiration shone on her forehead.

"I didna mean *that*," she said, "when I sent for yo'. I thowt that yo' would understand. 'Tis o' Squire Amberstone's son as I wished to ask. My wench is dyin'. All as I beg is as he may come oncet again, ridin' on his bay, an' gi'e her a kind word." She softened suddenly. "Oh, Mr. Fryston, for the love o' God do this thing for me! 'Twas bu' boy an' girl playin' at love; ther was no thowt o' ill. My dowter's as pure an' good as a chrisom child; bu' what wi' him was just a laugh and a jest wi' th' prettiest girl on th' country-side, wi' her meant more—more—more! I've no blame for him, bu' he's broken her heart clean i' twain. An' only to-day has hoo told me all what hoo's suffered."

"You were much to blame," said the curate sententiously, balancing his spoon on the rim of the tea-cup, "very much to blame—"

She clasped her hands and wrung them painfully, so that she might not burst into hysterical laughter. "Mr. Fryston," she said hoarsely, "I'm a clean-minded woman, an' Hannah scarce seventeen. I thowt nothin' of 't. He were wisest o' us all, for he must ha' seen danger, an' he stayed away, an' three months has killed her."

"I can do nothing—nothing," began the curate.

"Ay, bu' yo' can," she wailed; "yo' know what love is. Fetch him to her for a good-bye. Hoo canna pass i' peace wi'aat him. Hoo's my only one—my only one!"

The curate was touched at last; he rubbed the corner of his more susceptible eye furtively. "I'll go to Paulton and bring him back if I can," he said, "to-morrow."

"'Tis o' no use saying 'to-morrow,'" she interrupted impatiently. "Hoo may pass at any moment. 'Tis bu' four o'clock, an' 'tis th' last thing my wench'll ever want."

The sound of knocking on the floor above stopped her. "Hannah's waked," she said. "Theer's owd Lizbeth beating the planks wi' a stick. I mun leave yo', Mr. Fryston. I know as yo' wanna fail me."

She did not wait for his reply, but hurried upstairs to the chamber where Hannah lay in a little bed afrent the hearth. The mother had been pretty in her youth—indeed, she was not uncomely even now—but the daughter was wonderfully, piteously beautiful. Her face was pure white, save for the daintiest flush in the cheeks; her lips were scarlet-hued and finely cut, her great brown eyes luminous. She had spread her nut-brown hair over the embroidered pillow, and crossed her hands lightly over her breast. The bed-clothes concealed the emaciation of her figure to some extent, but one would surely have believed that as much as could be distinguished was that of a slender boy.

"Is he coming?" she said. "Oh, mother, to think of it! That I should care for him in this way when he only kissed me once, and never spoke a word that you mightn't have heard!"

Then she began coughing again, and the blood specked the cotton-wool that Mrs. Robson held to her lips. When the paroxysm was over, she lay back speechless, but her eyes were full of questioning.

"Ay, my deary," said the mother. "Mr. Fryston's gone for him, an' he'll be here anon."

The girl tried to speak again, but the mother held up a warning hand. "Hannah, Hannah," she faltered; "do lie still. Yo're not thinkin' that yo're all the kin I have, an' that I want yo' to bide wi' me as long as yo' can. An' yo' mun keep as quiet as a little mouse, so as to be strong when *he* cooms."

Hannah nodded slightly, her lips drawing back for an instant's smile which showed a brief glimpse of her white teeth.

"Only one thing I've got to ask, mother," she whispered. "You told Mr. Fryston that he was to come on horseback—on the bay—so that I could hear him first?"

Mrs. Robson leaned over her. "Ay, ay, I told him all," she moaned. "Naa, for yo'r mammy's sake, lie yo' quiet."

"I will, mammy dear, if you'll have the bed pushed up close to the window. I want to know before anybody else. There, I'll be still now."

After the bed was moved she lay perfectly silent. The evening was gloomy, but the dancing firelight showed a face lighted with the happiness of expectation. Her mother sat beside, holding her right hand between her own palms. The old doctor came at seven o'clock. When he desired Mrs. Robson to come to the passage with him, she divined his meaning, and a cruel pain woke at her heart.

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid that the end's very near," he said. "It is just a leaping up of the flame. Have everything in readiness." He turned away, for his chin was trembling. "I can't tell you how I feel for you, Mrs. Robson," he added in a husky voice. "It is very hard."

"I suppose that God will gi' me strength to stand it," she replied wearily. "An' now, Doctor, wi' yo'r leave, I'll go back to her."

As she turned to open the chamber-door she heard Mr. Fryston speaking to one of the women downstairs. She descended hastily, and drew him into the parlour, so that none might hear.

"Well," she stammered, "where is he?"

Mr. Fryston shook his head mournfully. "I've no good news," he said. "Young Mr. Amberstone's away in the South of France with his mother."

Mrs. Robson clutched the bosom of her gown so violently that two buttons flew to the floor.

"Thank yo', Mr. Fryston," she said quietly; "yo've done all man could. Yo'll pardon me if I go to her—hoo canna aatlast th' night."

Hannah's questioning gaze met hers as she re-entered the chamber; a sharp cry came from the scarlet lips. "Oh, mother!"

Mrs. Robson tottered towards the bed. "My pretty!" she said; "yo've to wait. He's coomin'—he's coomin'—a-ridin' on th' galloping bay horse."

The girl laughed with delight. "Mammy, don't leave me till he comes; put your arm under my neck, and your face against mine. Don't cry—I'm so happy!"

For the next hour the mother prayed in silence. She had lied for her child's sake, and she was asking God to accomplish a miracle. In that hour her faith was strong enough to move mountains.

As the clock on the stairs struck eight, Hannah began to cough again, this time with a horrid, choking sound. Mrs. Robson, knowing that the end had come, gathered her to her breast and held her tightly.

The colour had left both cheeks and lips, her head swayed slightly on the slender neck. And in the anguish of those last moments the mother's heart began to beat, louder and louder . . . *Pad—pad—pad—pad!*—with just such a sound as a horse's hoofs make when galloping over grass.

Louder and louder with every instant. Old Lizbeth, who sat on the other side of the bed, rose suddenly, and, drawing the window-curtain, looked out into the misty moonlight. The gardens were deserted—no living thing moved on the cart-track through the frost-bound fields.

Pad—pad—pad—pad!—louder and louder.

Hannah stirred, and laughed gladly; she thrust her arms towards the door. "He's come—let me go, mammy!" she cried; "let me meet him in the orchard!"

The beating of Mrs. Robson's heart ceased for awhile.

"Ah, he's here!"

Then Hannah turned her face upward, as if to receive her boy's kiss, and a murmur like a wood-pigeon's came—her life passing as this died away.

"EAST-END 'ENRY" ON STYLE.

Nah I hain't a 'owlin' tof,
Cos mi haht I don't tike orf
When I meets mi donah, toddlin' dahn the street;
An', o' course, I hain't perlite,
Cos mi linen it hain't white,
An' mi trahsers bell a bit abaht the feet.

But there's togs worn in the Strahnd
That 'ud shine a Germin Bahnd,
An' the very coves who wears 'em sets the fashin;
We should 'ave a bit ter s'y
At such style, Whitecharp'l w'y,
Lestw'ys, 'Liza would, if 'er they kime a-mashin'.

If you West-End coves want clarrs
Watch the lydies, when I parss,
An' you'll see mi pearly rig-aht mike 'em stare;
You've learn'd mi tork, I knows,
You should learn mi style in clo'es,
For you'd find it very comfortin' ter wear.

I should look a tysty bloke,
Steppin' aht, beside mi moke,
With a frock-coat, pytent leathers, an' a tile;
The very kids 'ud stone me,
Even 'Liza wouldn't own me,
An' she loves me; but she's awful gorn on Style.

GEOFFREY PENWORTH

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. W. E. Lockhart, whose picture, "A Church Lottery in Spain," exhibited in the show of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, is reproduced herewith, very frankly follows the peculiarly ingenious and pretty method of Murillo in his treatment of a very native and picturesque subject. And, truly, the thing is full of life, spirit, and vivacity, while the character of the faces is caught with almost a humorous intimacy. It is a work in which every human being is doing exactly at first-hand that which he ought to do, and not, as in so many compositions that deal with action and emotion, that which he thinks he ought to be doing. The lighting is extremely ingenious, and in the black-and-white reproduction is singularly effective. Mr. Lockhart, too, is an excellent draughtsman; his line is certain and confident; down to the last detail of the crucifix upon the table the thing is drawn wonderfully well.

The late Prince Bismarck, like Mr. Gladstone, had the satisfaction of having his portrait painted by unquestionably the greatest of modern

admiration. Mr. Linley Sambourne has also been very successful, in his definite and emphatic manner, with his counterfeit presentments of Bismarck. The privilege which Germany has in the possession of a Lenbach emphasises the lack of courtly painters from which England has for long suffered. Take the present Royal Family, for instance. How many portraits of the Queen are there—is there even one?—which deserve the slightest consideration from the artistic point of view?

There are now to be seen at the South Kensington Museum, in one of the galleries of the South Court, three designs of great interest by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. Two of these were purchased at the recent sale at Messrs Christie's. The most important work is the design for the mosaic of the Tree of Life in the American Episcopal Church of St. Paul, Rome. This was painted in 1892, and the glass mosaic was produced by Salviati, of Venice, in the following year. In the centre is the outstretched figure of Our Lord before the Tree of



A CHURCH LOTTERY IN SPAIN.—W. E. LOCKHART.
EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

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German portrait-painters, Professor von Lenbach. It used to be the little joke of critics that Lenbach had painted Gladstone and Döllinger, in his famous *ensemble* picture, for all the world as though one or the other had just recounted a particularly racy after-dinner story. It was in another mood that the painter approached Bismarck, who, indeed, called for a very different treatment. According to one version, the Professor had the utmost difficulty in persuading the Chancellor to sit to him, and was for the most part compelled to draw from memory. It was only by the ingenuity of von Tiedemann, the indefatigable secretary, that in an evening of high good-humour the Prince was persuaded to listen to his despatches in the artist's studio. It is that picture which at present hangs in the National Gallery of Berlin.

Still, though perhaps there are very few portraits of Bismarck of real value except this fine painting of Lenbach's, there were not many modern men who, from the everyday caricaturist's work, were better known to the English public. Sir John Tenniel's famous cartoon, "Ave atque Vale," was only a sort of culmination in the history of Bismarck caricature in England; and in this case it was more the dignity of the artist's intention and the felicity of the thought than the excellence of the likeness which made up the causes that elicited so general an

Life; Adam stands on the left, and Eve, with the infants Cain and Abel, is on the right. Beneath is the following quotation from the Vulgate version of the Bible: "In mundo pressuram habebitis: sed confidite, ego vici mundum" (St. John xvi. 33).

The water-colour drawing of the symbols of the Evangelists, a design for a portion of a stained-glass window at Castle Howard, was also acquired at the same sale. The third design is due to the liberality of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray, who presented to the Museum a model showing the scheme of the mosaic decoration in the apse of the same church in Rome. The subject represents the Heavenly Jerusalem. To the right are the three Archangels Michael, Raphael, and Zophiel, and to the left the Archangels Chemuel and Gabriel, the place for Azrael (or Azrael) being vacant. Above is a company of angels, and beneath are the four rivers of Paradise. The model has, unfortunately, been somewhat damaged in transit from Rome, so that the two figures, probably Zadkiel and Uriel, in the outside arches are wanting.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes contributes to the current issue of the *Cornish Magazine* a capital article on Newlyn, and why he settled there. It is admirably illustrated.

THE EDITING OF MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

SHOWING HOW HE TREATED ROBERT BROWNING.

Who is there that knows Mr. Augustine Birrell but has kindly feelings for him? He is, in my judgment, quite the best of after-dinner speakers that we in England boast—the most incisive, the most impressive. He is, moreover, a Member of Parliament of very great ability and force. The House of Commons, we are often told, does not take too seriously the men of letters in its midst, but many of them have always to be reckoned with when a Government is formed. Mr. Birrell will have to be reckoned with when the next Liberal Government comes into existence; he will be an Under-Secretary, and, sooner or later, he will be at the head of the Home Office, in a Cabinet of which the Prime Minister will be—who dare forecast? Mr. Birrell's literary successes by which he first made his name are, perhaps, less certain than his political and oratorical achievements. His career began with a series of essays, entitled "Obiter Dicta"; the most interesting essay in the book, although now the fact is apt to be forgotten, was one on Falstaff, written by Mr. George Radford. The "Obiter Dicta" volumes, of which there were three, had an enormous sale. They contained bright, thoughtful, allusive articles on writers and their books. These were not criticism in the best sense—criticism, that is to say, that throws new light. Mr. Birrell is not a critic in the way in which Goethe and Lessing were critics; his essays represent merely a consensus of opinion upon the writers with whom Mr. Birrell had to deal—they made pleasant gossip, and nothing more. As our age likes that kind of thing, Mr. Birrell was, and is, a literary success. His political colleagues have praised him without stint. Mr. John Morley took the chair for his lecture on Gibbon, and declared that never was such a lecture since literature began. Less happy, however, have been his efforts as an editor of writers who are genuine classics. His *Life of Miss Brontë* was a perfunctory performance—more than superfluous. Of his issue of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, in six pretty volumes, there is little to be said. The book teemed with printers' errors, but Mr. Birrell, it is to be presumed, held himself responsible only for the introduction and notes, and not for the text of *Boswell*. His introduction and notes were very brief, and he did not, as far as I know, commit himself to anything startlingly inaccurate or unwarranted.

He is, however, less happy in dealing with the two-volume edition of *Browning's Poems* published in 1896 by Messrs. Smith and Elder. In the editor's note to this edition it is stated that "Mr. F. G. Kenyon has been kind enough to make the notes to 'The Ring and the Book,' but for the rest the editor alone is responsible." These notes do not up to the present time seem to have been made the subject of any serious scrutiny, which is all the more remarkable inasmuch as, on turning to them, in Mr. Birrell's share I find over forty either completely wrong or of so questionable a nature as to, themselves, call for comment. In Mr. Kenyon's contribution to the annotations there appears to be but little that calls for question. In his introductory note to Section VIII. of "The Ring and the Book" (Vol. II., p. 173), I think that, before discouraging readers from entering on this division of the poem, he should in fairness to Browning have pointed out how large a proportion of the Latin the poet himself has translated in the text as he goes along; while at page 60 he says that by the Hundred Merry Tales Browning meant the "Decameron," which, considering the quantity of serious stories in Boccaccio's work, I cannot think likely. I now proceed to the notes for which Mr. Birrell is responsible, and which are mainly of four kinds, namely, (1) those which are absolutely wrong, (2) those which are wrong in the given context, (3) those which are right as far as they go, but miss the point requiring elucidation, and (4) those which are superfluous, the information being already given in the context—

Vol. I., pp. 34 and 119. Cressets. "Lanterns." "Torches."
A cresset is neither a lantern nor a torch, but "a basket of open ironwork in which wood or coal is burned."
Vol. I., p. 123. The Loxian. "Apollo (the bowman)."
This should be "Apollo (the oracle-giver)." (See Preller or Liddell and Scott.)
Vol. I., p. 123. Shard. "A fragment."
The context clearly shows that the word must here be taken in its other meaning of "the wing-case of a beetle." "The shard-borne beetle." (*Macbeth*.)
Vol. I., p. 129. Ezlamor. "A Troubadour."
This note is superfluous, the information being given in the preceding line—"The best Troubadour of Boniface!"
Vol. I., p. 139. Tagliafer. "Minstrel-Knight of William the Conqueror."
William's minstrel-knight was named Taillefer, was killed at the Battle of Hastings in 1066, and can have no connection with Sordello in the thirteenth century. (See also p. 130.)
Vol. I., p. 141. Byssus. "A fine cloth."
Browning here means "the flaxen or silky-looking fibres by which certain molluscs attach themselves to rocks."
Vol. I., p. 152. Zin the Horrid. "Isaiah xiii. 21, 22."
The passage in Isaiah is descriptive of the desolation of Babylon, and cannot, therefore, have any connection with the wanderings of the Israelites, after leaving Egypt, in the desert of Zin.
Vol. I., p. 156. Carrochs. "Cars of state."
This does not suit the use of the word in "Sordello." "Flag or standard car" is given by some Italian dictionaries under "carroccio." This is suitable.
Vol. I., p. 164. Scapular. "A loose, sleeveless vestment."
This conveys no definite notion of the article of dress in question, which is, in the Roman Church, a clerical shoulder-garment.
Vol. I., p. 188. Pyropus-stone. "Red bronze."
Pliny mentions under the name of pyropus a mixed metal or alloy, but pyropus-stone is the pyrope of the dictionaries, defined by Cotgrave as "a kind of fiery red carbuncle stone." The context does not admit of bronze of any sort.
Vol. I., p. 266. Toccata. "An overture—a touch-piece."
A toccata needs not be an overture, but must be a touch-piece. (Consult Grove.)

Vol. I., p. 277. Hebron. "One of the three cities of Refuge."
This is impossible in the present context. Browning, of course, had in mind a (real or imaginary) mountain or height.
Vol. I., p. 277. Kidron. "A brook in Jerusalem."
The brook Kidron is outside Jerusalem.
Vol. I., p. 298. Mountainous fugues. "A fugue is a short melody."
If this were true, Browning's "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha" would be about the most misleading poem ever written. (Consult Grove.)
Vol. I., p. 386. Tereel. "A male of the peregrine falcon."
The term is not confined to the peregrine falcon. (Consult Cotgrave.)
Vol. I., p. 426. Bavins. "Fagots."
From among the various definitions given in the dictionaries to this word Mr. Birrell has chosen one which does not fit the context, Browning having already mentioned faggots in his fuel-list. (See Latham or Richardson.)
Vol. I., p. 431. Encolure. "Neck and shoulder of a horse."
Browning is thus made to say that a lady's hair was crisped like the neck and shoulder (nothing whatever to do with the mane) of a war-horse. Browning probably meant a piece of corrugated or of chain armour for a horse's neck.
Vol. I., p. 493. Iketides. "The Suppliants," a fragment of a play by Æschylus.
"The Suppliants" is not a fragment, but a complete play.
Vol. I., p. 528. Term. "A bust ending in a square block of stone like those of the god Terminus."
"Rectangular," not "square." (See p. 91, Vol. II., of this same book.)
Vol. I., p. 542. The Pœcile. "The famous painted porch on the Agora, in Athens."
Nothing in the context identifies the Pœcile ("Cleon") with that in Athens.
Vol. I., p. 626. Iliissian. "Trojan."
Iliissian is not Trojan, but Athenian or Attic.
Vol. I., p. 628. Chutroi. "Feasts of the god."
Mr. Birrell does not say what god he means. Let us hope it is Dionysus.
Vol. I., p. 629. "Region of the Steed!" "Horses supposed to be indigenous in Greece."
Attica is here meant, from whose soil Poseidon produced the horse.
Vol. I., p. 629. Rhesis. "A proverb."
A rhesis in Greek tragedy is not a proverb, but a speech.
Vol. I., p. 629. Monostich. "A single stanza poem."
Monostich is dramatic dialogue in single lines.
Vol. I., p. 652. Kupris. "The Cyprian Venus."
In the Greek dramatists, with whose usage we are here concerned, Kupris means Aphrodité without local distinction.
Vol. I., p. 661. Mainad. "Dionysian priestess."
Any female partaker in the "Bacchic phrenzy" was a mainad.
Vol. I., p. 667. Kordax-step. "Cancan."
The Kordax cannot have been the cancan. The dancing of it was called ἄλκυσι κορδάκα, "from its slow, trailing movement."—Liddell (abridged).
Vol. I., p. 668. Propulala. "Part of the Acropolis."
If a note is needful here at all, it should say "the entrance to the Acropolis."
Vol. I., p. 670. Phorminx. "Guitar."
The phorminx was not a guitar, but a species of lyre.
Vol. I., p. 672. Tettix. "Grasshopper, used as a badge of honour."
Not so, but as a token of indigenity.
Vol. I., p. 676. The baldhead bard. "Aristophanes himself."
An unnecessary note, as may be seen by looking two lines on.
Vol. I., p. 679. Parabasis. "Comic chorus."
"The parabasis was a part of the old Comedy, in which the Chorus came forward and addressed the audience in the Poet's name."—Liddell.
Vol. I., p. 692. Thearion. "A baker."
This information is superfluous, the passage being—"Thearion, now, my friend who bakes you bread."
Vol. I., p. 697. Palaistra-tool. "Used in wrestling."
No tools were used in wrestling, nor is it necessary to limit the meaning of palaistra to wrestling-school. (Compare Plato's "Lysis," near the beginning.)
Vol. I., p. 708. Theoria, Opora. "Characters in the Lysistrata."
These two mute dramatic personæ are in the "Peace" of Aristophanes.
Vol. I., p. 712. Triballo. "A clownish god."
Barbarian god. (See Kennedy's "Birds of Aristophanes.")
Vol. I., p. 746. Kommos. "Stage-weeping."
Weeping was no essential part of the Kommos. (Consult Lewis Campbell's "Guide to Greek Tragedy.")
Vol. II., p. 344. "There let him lay." "Compare 'Childe Harold,' verse clxxx."
Mr. Birrell omits the number of the Canto, namely, IV.
Vol. II., p. 348. Dithyramb. "Lyrical chorus."
The Dithyramb was not always choral, and in the present context it would be almost impossible so. Archilochus says that he is able to sing it.
Vol. II., p. 378. Abaris. "A priest of Apollo who cured diseases."
For the elucidation of the passage, this note requires the addition that Abaris is said to have ridden on an arrow through the air.
Vol. II., p. 398. L'Ingegno. "Genius."
The allusion is, of course, to (see Vasari) Andrea di Luigi, called "L'Ingegno." Vasari says he became blind at an early age.
Vol. II., p. 476. Melos. "Method."
"Melos: a song, a strain; an air, melody."—Liddell (abridged).
Vol. II., p. 478. "Threw Venus." "The best cast in dice (three sixes) is called 'Venus.'"
Mr. Birrell should have said "was called so in classical times," otherwise there is no point in Browning's calling on Ben Jonson in particular to "expound."
Vol. II., p. 514. Linos. "Taught Hercules music."
"Ah Linos" means a plaintive dirge (Liddell), or, as Browning himself in the same line calls it, a "song of wail."
Vol. II., p. 517. Hephaistos. "Vulcan's festival."
Hephaistos is the god himself, not his festival.
Vol. II., p. 531. Orthian style! "The Diamastigosis."
I have failed to establish any rational connection between the Æschylean "Orthian style" and the Diamastigosis. Perhaps some of my readers may be able to help me.
Vol. II., p. 637. Introductory note to "Ixion." "Boycotted."
Slang of this sort should not be used in editing any great writer.
Vol. II., p. 676. Sitara. "In Persian means a star."
The passage is—"Pluck Sitara down, and give her me to play with!"
Sitara here means the planet Venus.
Vol. II., p. 728. Radaminta. "An opera by Handel."
There is no opera of Handel's called "Radaminta." (Consult Grove.)
Vol. II., p. 766. Strigil. "A flesh-brush."
A strigil was a scraper, not a brush.

Many of my readers may be glad to annotate their edition of Mr. Birrell's "Browning" with some of these corrections. In any case, it is of course only out of pure kindness for Mr. Birrell that I call attention to his methods of editing, and weary my readers with technical details of less than the usual thrilling character of *The Sketch* articles.

THE TAR AND THE JAP.

The British sailor is always welcomed in Japan. In some parts he is as much at home as in his own country. Jack delights in the little trips

The image, which represents Buddha, the chief deity in Buddhism, is made of bronze, and was built by the famous easter, Ono Goroyemon, in the year 1250, under the order of Shogun Minamoto-no-Youtomo. It is about 50 ft. in height, 98 ft. in waist circumference; the length of the face is $8\frac{1}{2}$ ft., the eye 4 ft. and the ear 6 ft. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in.; the mouth is



THE BRITISH JACK TAR AND THE JAPANESE GOD.

inland to places of interest, and he generally arranges for a souvenir of the event with a Japanese photographer. One of the places of interest visited by the crews of her Majesty's ships is the Kotokuin Monastery at Kamakura, in the Province of Sagami. This monastery was one of the many erected in Japan by the Emperor Thomu, about the year 737 A.D.

over three feet broad, and the nose is nearly four feet in length. The circumference of the thumb is over three feet. The image was much damaged by the huge waves which followed the earthquakes in the year 1495, but it still remains in such preservation as to make an extremely imposing figure.

ELEPHANT-SHOOTING IN SOMALILAND.

Towards the end of my leave, we heard from the natives that elephants had followed the rain down from the hills. The place where they had been seen was fully three days' march distant, so we struck camp at once and moved off. On the third day, when returning from an unsuccessful hunt after a lioness, we unexpectedly came across a small herd of wild elephants. They had evidently got our wind, and were already on the move. So, hurrying round to leeward, we lay down in the track which they seemed to be following. As soon as the elephants lost our wind, they apparently lost their heads also for the time being, and for several moments moved round and round in a circle. This should have been our opportunity, but the shikaries were over-cautious, and before we could get within shot they had disappeared. The following day we struck off in the direction which yesterday's elephants seemed to have taken, and during the morning came on the fresh tracks of what was probably another herd of about the same size.

Three or four hours' tracking brought us up with the elephants, which were scattered through the bush, feeding as they went. The wind was hardly right. As we moved round we came in full view of a large cow, and so had to lie motionless



daybreak, and were still following at midday, when we found where the tracks had been crossed during the night by a larger herd, in which were several bulls. These latter we followed, and presently discovered gathered together under a shady forest-tree, where the flies seemed to bother them less than elsewhere. The wind blew in the right direction, so the stalk was comparatively easy. I gave the nearest bull the heart-shot with the right barrel, and, as they paused before moving off, ran forward and fired the left into what I thought was the head of the same elephant. All disappeared in the bush, but, on following up, trumpeting in front told us the bullets had taken effect. We found not only one elephant lying dead, as I had expected, but two. I had evidently fired at two different animals, and thus unintentionally killed a third elephant. Both had fallen fully fifteen miles from camp, so we found it necessary to return at once. Heavy rain fell during the night, and by the time we left the zeriba, the following morning, all tracks seemed to an unpractised eye obliterated. The Somalis, however, soon picked up what remained of the trail, by means of which we were enabled to discover the dead elephants, cut out the ivory, and take these photographs.

J. JOHNSTON-STEWART.

where we found ourselves till she shifted her position, which was not until the whole herd had moved off. It seemed as if they were going to escape us; but we followed steadily, and an hour later again came up with them, this time gathered together in the one place. I was determined to get a shot if possible, and so, followed by my shikaries, ran up to the herd in a crouching position. At first there appeared to be nothing but cows and calves, the former of which did not charge, as they often do in similar circumstances, but, herding the calves together with their trunks, shambled off through the bush. As I hesitated a moment what to do, the bull came crashing in to join the herd, but turned away the moment he caught sight of me. Thinking this my last chance, I fired at what I saw of him, on which he trumpeted loudly and wheeled round, evidently with the intention of charging. I met him with the other barrel, which nearly finished him, and a third bullet in the head killed him outright. Having shot one elephant, I now only wanted one more specimen. That night elephants watered in a water-hole close to the zeriba. We went after them before



THE LIVING CHARACTERS OF DICKENS.

Let me begin with a parable. Once upon a time, in the days of youth and public examinations for degrees, home service, medicine, and what not, it was my fortune on a certain morning to meet a friend who had just been enrolled in the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Till



FLORENCE DOMBEY (MISS LOVELESS).
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

that day I had counted him modest and unassuming, somewhat secretive in his knowledge, and with even an excessive tendency towards the concealment of his talents. On this occasion, as I strolled with him down the streets of (I will say) York, where a market-day was filling the town with bustle, I noticed a new and peculiar look of proprietorship in his eye. We would pass a horse walking delicately and stiffly. "Ah!" he would say, "a clear case of thrush." You would suppose that he had answered the calls of his profession for years. That (with the exception of the name of the market-town) is a leaf from actual experience. Even then the young man's delightful behaviour stirred me with faint reminiscences, and when next I read "David Copperfield" the full flood of recollection returned. This is the passage, from the fifty-second chapter: "Shall I ever recall that street of Canterbury on a market-day without recalling Mr. Micawber as he walked back with us, expressing in the haughty, roving manner he assumed the unsettled habits of a temporary sojourner in the land, and looking at the bullocks as they came by with the eye of an Australian farmer!" It will be remembered that only that day had it been proposed that Mr. Micawber should emigrate; in connection with the same idea, too, I should not omit that inimitable touch of how "Mrs. Micawber presently discoursed about the habits of the kangaroo." Now for the application of the parable, which comes to my pen in view of the recent fête got up at Broadstairs to provide a permanent memorial of the novelist's residence there in the shape of a working-men's club.

It has been very much the fashion to deny to Dickens the talent for pure character-drawing, just as it has been the liberal fashion to deny him the glories of a serious aim and achievement in pure letters. In both instances the charge is due to an absolute ignorance of Dickens as a whole, and in his complete accomplishment. When he began his work in the rush and fury of his animal spirits, of his perfect gaiety and vigour, he flung out caricature upon caricature just for the fun of the thing; yet such was the genuine sincerity of his imagination that many of his caricatures live as actual creations, as having been made to exist by the pure magic of his genius; yet, as Mr. Henley once put it in his brilliant essay, though he began with Ralph Nickleby and Lord Frederick Verisopht, he advanced by an unerring process, "from incapacity to mastery, from the manufacture of lay figures to the creation of human beings." Yes; to the creation of human beings. He has taken human beings into his pages, and separated, specialised, illuminated them; but the same pages restore those human beings to the world which, as he who runs may discover for himself, live and talk and walk and laugh to-day as in the days when Dickens captured them for his own artistic purposes from the living people of his time. Art is, of course, the

concentration, as it were, in essence, of the realities of life, and it may be that no human being had quite Mr. Micawber's fulness of vocabulary. Yet I meet Micawber daily, in his absolute inability to get on, his vagaries of mood, his humorous aspect as it is turned to the world, his depths of despair, his momentary exaltation, his taste for strong waters. Sydney Carton, too, is a familiar, not in the happy opportunity of his death—to create that was Dickens's privilege—but in his brilliant parts and his lack of character. To-day, as then (when his creator had now learned to become a painter), Stryver elbows Carton out of the way and climbs to a spurious glory upon the merits of his slave and his tool. Even journalism has its Cartons and its Stryvers. Note, too, in the inimitable art with which Carton is drawn that there is not a touch, not a shade, which is not true and rarely observed.

Then there was the butcher who "had a sentiment for his business," and who, when he saw Tom Pinch put the steak wrapped in a cabbage-leaf into his pocket awkwardly, "begged to be allowed to do it for him; 'for meat,' he said with some emotion, 'must be humoured, not drove.'" You encounter thus the man of technique at every turning of the street. "Let us be merry," said Mr. Pecksniff—here he took a captain's biscuit." Pecksniff, immortal creature, is forty separate daily individuals rolled into one; perhaps the arch-Pecksniff is rare, though most of us, perhaps, think to have met him once or twice. But the Pecksniff of this merry-making, is at all events a monthly acquaintance on one scale or another, and not far away is the tipsy Mr. Pecksniff in the house of Mrs. Todgers. Jonas Chuzzlewit, to enter a darker atmosphere, is luckily not a man we meet with in our common rounds; but he is with us in our news-reading day by day, not as a type, not as a warning—nothing so stupidly text-bookish as that—but in the flesh as you find him in one of Dickens's greatest masterpieces of character-creation. It has been given also to this generation to realise Fagin with a completeness that was not so easy in the days when that Jew first made his writhing appearance. To touch the comedy again, Mrs. Crupp is practically ubiquitous, Mrs. Crupp who finally consented to accomplish the feat of cooking fish and joint "on condition that I dined from home for a fortnight afterwards"; Mrs. Crupp who would "sink breathless on a chair, near the door, lay her hand upon her nankeen bosom, and become so ill that I was glad, at any sacrifice of brandy or anything else, to get rid of her." But my list might go on for ever; we, you and I, know Traddles; we know much of Mrs. Nickleby—I know two part incarnations of the lady; we know Eugene Wrayburn, Mr. Lorry, Miss Pross, the elder Miss Larkins, Mrs. Varden, and Miss Miggs, to name a few. This is to touch but the fringe of a subject which, perhaps, does not necessarily include—nay, which largely excludes—some



MRS. SQUEERS (MISS DRUMMOND HAY).
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

of Dickens's most brilliant creations, Miss Squeers and Sam Weller, Dick Swiveller, Harold Skimpole, and a host of others. But even to deal thus lightly with the matter is to return with accumulated force to the thought that Dickens partly reveals our everyday world to us now because he came, saw, and conquered the world he lived in. He restores to us his conquered provinces by a kind of regal gift. v. b.

A DICKENS GALLERY: IMPERSONATED AT BROADSTAIRS.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MISS TOX (MISS MAY).



MRS. BARDELL (MRS. DAY).



KATE NICKLEBY (MISS WALLACE), AND LITTLE DORRIT (MISS TAYLOR).



MRS. NICKLEBY (MRS. GRATWICK).

A. DICKENS GALLERY: IMPERSONATED AT BROADSTAIRS.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



AGNES WICKFIELD (MISS HOOD).



MRS. GAMP (MISS COWELL).



MERCY PECKSNIFF (MISS CROOME), AND TIGG MONTAGUE (MR. CROOME).



MR. JINGLE (MR. A. RICHARDSON CARLIN).

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The particular German newspaper that represented the late Prince Bismarck had earned for itself such a reputation that, when it insisted on the trifling nature of his illness, men began to fear for the worst; and the worst promptly followed. It is but fair to say, however, that the sudden death of the great statesman seems to have been entirely unexpected by those nearest to him. Be that as it may, Bismarck is gone, following the greatest English figure of the time with but little interval. It would be worse than profitless to compare the German and the Englishman—or shall we say, the Prussian and the Scotchman? The former was practical to brutality; the latter, idealistic to illusion. The Iron Chancellor was mercilessly contemptuous of the weakness and sentiment to which the popular Premier made extravagant concessions. In one respect, and in one only, the two natures touched. Both were at bottom opportunists. There was nothing of which it could be confidently predicted that neither of them could be made to do it. Only Gladstone must first persuade himself that the step he took was right; Bismarck saw that it was wrong, and did it.

Two points stand out prominently in the life that has just closed—a clear, unwavering perception of the ends to be attained, an almost ostentatious recklessness as to the means employed. In both these Bismarck resembled the man whose work he took up and finished—Frederick the Great; but, in his foresight, he was the King's superior. His was also a deeper nature; Frederick's shallow French culture was alien from him, as was Frederick's cheap infidelity. The Chancellor had religion, too, of a real and practical sort, though it would be an abuse of words to call it Christianity. His was the fighting-man's religion, and the Scriptural hero of whom he most reminds one is Joab the son of Zeruiah. Allowing for the difference of civilisation, Bismarck's mutilation of the famous Ems telegram, which made the war of 1870 inevitable, is much like the Israelite General's prompt and decisive action in killing the traitorous son Absalom and saving King David in spite of himself. And more than one incompetent competitor for power and influence had Bismarck served in much the same way as Joab served the rival captain Amasa, when he came up to greet him as a brother, and smote him that he died.

It may be said that Bismarck hated England, and did her all the harm he could. I think this is not true as a general theory. To the English as a people he had no objection; individuals found him friendly enough. But he hated and despised vagueness and weakness everywhere; and it was vagueness to him if a man or a State did not know and pursue a definite aim, and weakness if the man or State shrank from using the most direct means of attaining that aim. For the vague and the weak Bismarck never had the least sympathy or mercy. Chivalry was utterly alien from his nature. He would have despoiled Maria Theresa of Silesia with as keen a gusto as did Frederick; and the oppression of Saxony and partition of Poland were acts after his own heart. Now English foreign policy since Palmerston has too often been vague in aims and weak in methods. This was partly due to the actual or supposed necessity of pleasing the House of Commons and the newspapers, partly to the constant attacks of Oppositions on anything like a settled policy, and also very largely to the personal weakness of our Ministers. Earl Granville, with whom Bismarck had most to do, was one of the most unfortunate of representatives. It was bad enough that an amiable domestic cat—people called him "Pussy"—should be the conventional symbol of the British lion; it was worse that this diplomatist was controlled by a Prime Minister to whose versatile intellect foreign policy alone was always foreign indeed.

Bismarck profited by the weakness of British policy, but it irritated him. He favoured Russia and France at our expense, and jockeyed us out of much territory in Africa and elsewhere, not because he wanted the colonies, but simply because it was not in his nature to leave property in the hands of those too weak to keep it or too cowardly to defend it. But he would have preferred very greatly to yield the disputed points to a strong and trustworthy State, in return for some real support and alliance. Even the theatrical greatness of Beaconsfield was enough to win his friendship; here, at least, was a man who had real aims and was not too scrupulous about means, and with him Bismarck got on excellently, as the Treaty of Berlin proved.

What must have been the keenest pang to the dying statesman, however, was the decaying of his great work. The bottom has dropped out of the Triple Alliance. Italy has practically given up the pretence of being a Great Power; Russia has re-established her old prestige, and looms as large over Europe and Asia as when she ruled the Continent in Nicholas the First's days. France is only not formidable because of her own dissensions, but one great man might make her again the peril of Europe. Austria's polyglot team of nationalists prances hither and thither, at the risk of upsetting the Imperial chariot. England, still powerful by wealth and fleets, though still weak for lack of statesmen, has been alienated by needless rudenesses of form which have brought no advantage to Germany.

Bismarck was not an attractive man: not specially a good man; but he was the same man always, and you knew what to expect from him. But what are you to do with a ruler—if any such there be—who is a Barbarossa one moment and a bagman the next? MARMITON.

WITH CELESTINE AT EARL'S COURT.

We had still half-an-hour to spare, and we decided to try the Big Wheel. I think Celestine had a wild hope that we might earn five pounds if the machinery should break down, but she did not say so. We paid our shillings and our extra sixpences for a saloon-car, or rather, I did, and got in. Celestine took off her hat, as if she were going to spend the day; but no, it was only that she could put her head out of the window between the bars.

"Why are the attendants dressed as sailors?" she inquired.

"The Man at the Wheel is usually a sailor, isn't he?" I said.

The wheel is like a huge sprocket, run like the endless chain on a bicycle. It was like a gigantic spider's web, too, and Celestine and I two very happy little flies in the meshes. The machinery started with a clank and a creak, and, of a sudden, the whole fabric began to crawl and twist like a kaleidoscope, the sway braces, struts, and tie-rods and girders making slowly changing triangular patterns. We went up till the painted Windsor Castle grew incredibly thin and meagre, and could no longer conceal the ugly row of houses behind the scenes. We went up till the straight and curved blocks of symmetrical, peaked-roofed dwellings looked like coarse combs, every ridge-pole a tooth. We went up until the box-car, which had followed us, slowly rose in front of our windows, and disappeared over our heads, and then we knew that our journey was half done. Beneath us the roofs of the lower cars went down, down, down, in jumps, like a stair, and Celestine said that in case of fire we should have to squeeze through the window, and descend so.

"They couldn't have done anything else with this land but raise exhibition grounds on it, could they?" said Celestine; and I saw that it was indeed but three little islands between the railroad lines, and tied together with bridges.

"I feel like a revolving asteroid," said Celestine, as we swung around in our thousand-foot orbit. "There is very little centrifugal force, though; it goes so slowly. What if they should speed it up with an 80-gear?" she added. "When it is lighted up at night, I suppose you feel as if you were in the middle of a firework. And I suppose the dark city looks like another sky, with all the twinkling lights. I think, on the whole, I prefer a horizontal merry-go-round."

"I can't help thinking what a big bicycle this wheel would make," I said, since it had come to exchanging similes. "You would need all London to turn around in."

We swung to the level of the roofs of the Old English Market Place, and a South Sea Islander stalked out from his village and beckoned us down.

"It's raining!" said Celestine, as we got out; "'tis only a water-wheel, now, and see—doesn't it look as if it were leaning over?"

There is one point of view from which one gets a queer optical illusion, as if its axis were inclined like a model globe.

And, as we took our supper at the Welcome Club, Celestine watched it and speculated with her imagination. "If it were mine," she said, "I would take off all but twelve cars, and I would have it revolve just once an hour, so you could always tell what time it was. What a beautiful summer hotel it would make, with absolutely no choice of rooms! Now, think of standing on a platform and having your dining-room come to you, instead of going to your dining-room, and a tunc kitchen that would come when you called it. It would be like having a stationary lift and making the house move up and down!"

We walked round, then, to where the balloon was sitting in its nest on the baby island, for all the world like a huge, fat bird, in its cage of guy-ropes. It was so absolutely round! It was so gorgeously pink! It was so ridiculously plump!

"It seems a very good-natured balloon," said Celestine, "and I'd love to take a ride with a creature that wears its saddle underneath instead of on top!" So she ran me up to Mr. Spencers, and she said, "I would like a ticket to Heaven, please!"

"But this isn't a through train," said the proprietor.

"Then I'll step off at the nearest cloud," said Celestine.

"Now, I object!" said I. "What if the balloon went off and left you up there?"

"I might slide down on a rainbow—or a church-steeple," she said; "but, never mind, any old way-station will do."

Mr. Spencers had been superintending the release of the air-ship. As one rope after another was cast off, the globe began to rock gently. We got into the basket a little dreadfully, giving Celestine a very good excuse to hold me tightly.

"Why, its mouth is open!" she said, looking up at the orifice in the silken bulb. "Why doesn't the gas escape?"

"It will in a few moments now," said Mr. Spencers; "only it's trying to go up, rather than down, and so we'll escape with it."

He got into the car, and gave the signal. "I think I'll not go, after all!" cried Celestine—but it was too late.

I thought, of course, that we should rise in the air; but no! we remained where we were; it was the ground that slowly sank beneath us. This sobered Celestine a little. "I suppose it's a little like dying, after all," she said slowly. "You think that you are leaving the world, while the world is really leaving you."

There was a little errant breeze which coaxed us toward the East, and the cable glistened beneath us, in a slanting line. Earl's Court grew smaller and smaller, till it looked precisely like the map in the Exhibition "Guide Book," for the grounds furnished the only spot of colour, in the neutral tint of the city. The grass-plats were just as green as in the lithograph. London lay spread beneath us like the

washes of a water-colour, shading from a warm smoky-brown, in the East, to a cold, harsh blue-grey on the opposite horizon. Celestine dared put but her eyes over the rail, and philosophised audibly.

"This is the first time I've ever really been in the sky," she said; "I think it's nice, but shivery. Don't the people look silly, down there! What sort of ideas do you suppose people had of the country before

After a while something suddenly seemed to be different; we couldn't quite tell what *hail* happened. "Why, they're pulling up the earth to meet us!" was Celestine's explanation, after a long gaze under her puckered eyebrows. Indeed, it was just as if Earl's Court was climbing up the rope hand over hand! The noise of squeaking bagpipes came floating up to us, and the patter of drums grew louder. Before we had



MANY OF OUR FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN, LIKE HELEN'S BABIES, "WANT TO SEE THE WHEELS GO WOUND."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLAS, OXFORD STREET, W.

maps or balloons were invented? I'd like to see an angel—we must be pretty near them now."

"Oh, I see *one*," I said, but Celestine pretended to ignore the compliment. Mr. Spencers seemed a little embarrassed, and looked the other way. I suppose he has carried up engaged couples before.

"I'd like to throw out my parasol," said Celestine; "it would be such fun to see how it would behave." But she threw over a few kisses instead.

time for a regret we were in the middle of the nineteenth century again. So we got out and said good-bye to the pilot. Celestine looked a little wistfully up towards that little island in the sky where we had moored. "I can't see the place where we were at all," she said. Mr. Spencers was walking around the place with his eyes on the ground.

"I think he must be looking for that kiss I threw overboard," said Celestine sweetly.

GELETT BURGESS.

LADY CATHCART'S ELKHOUND AND COLLIES.



LADY CATHCART AND HER ELKHOUND, JÄGER.

The elkhound has an extraordinarily keen nose, and scents his game at a distance of a mile or more. In Norway, which is the home of this dog, they are kept for winding the elk and other deer, giving the hunter timely notice of their quarry, which is then pursued by stronger and speedier dogs.

The elkhound is a handsome, sprightly fellow, and in Lady Cathcart's Jäger we have an excellent specimen of the breed. This dog was imported by Sir Reginald Cathcart from Norway, and is considered by the most competent judges to be the best of his breed now in England. Jäger has not been shown a great deal—in fact, he has been on the show-bench only three times, yet he has taken two firsts, two seconds, and five specials, his last success being first and special at Cruft's for the best elkhound, and there is but little doubt that he will eventually secure his championship. Jäger is dark grey in colour, with a rich dark saddle and markings; his legs are exceptionally good, being stout and straight, while his coat is very thick and the undercoat of hair very full; the ears are well pointed and erect, and his tail is double-twisted to one side, typical of the breed.

Lady Cathcart says he is most faithful and exceedingly sagacious, and a thorough sportsman, for he is specially endowed with the scenting powers of his breed and winds deer at immense distances. Sir Reginald Cathcart is hoping soon to get a mate of suitable excellence for Jäger, when it is hoped more of the handsome animals may grace our shows, for they have all the necessary qualities fitting them as companions,

with excellent dispositions, hardiness, and the very useful sporting attribute before mentioned. For winding deer in the Scottish forests and Highlands they should prove of great service to sportsmen.

Lady Cathcart has also some very good collies of exceptional pedigree in her kennels at Titness Park, Sunninghill. These dogs have been but little exhibited, but, in future, Lady Cathcart intends to show them more frequently. One of the best, and, perhaps, the favourite, is Flora, a rick, dark sable. Flora is not quite two years and a-half old, and has only once been seen on the show-bench. This was in December 1897, when, not a year old, she won a premiership at the Earl's Court Show held to celebrate the Jubilee. Since then she has much improved, and is now in excellent condition. Her sire is Oswald Ralph by Champion Strathcathro Ralph, her dam Kingsdown Candy.

Another charming collie is Cluny Glen, a sable and white dog of much excellence; he has a very abundant coat, nice ears and legs, and good carriage. Glen also has been little shown, but has secured several wins. Linda, another sable, has just had a litter of eight puppies, several of which show much promise, and, if Lady Cathcart carries out her intention of more extensively showing her pets, these puppies will undoubtedly add increased honours to her kennels.

Before concluding, the little toy terrier Frau must have brief mention in this short chronicle, for she is undoubtedly her mistress's pet of pets. Frau is a well-bred little lady, but



PET TOY TERRIER, FRAU.



THE COLLIE, FLORA.

increasing years and extra petting have so added to her adipose tissue that she appears somewhat larger than the limits of her breed permit for the prize-list. Still, as Lady Cathcart remarks, "she is a dear little affectionate thing," and, in a real pet-dog, these qualities outweigh all others in one's fondness for a faithful creature.

A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

The threadbare subject of matrimony and the right sort of man to marry having once more been launched, a fair but fastidious correspondent sends the following lines—

I will not have a man that's tall,
A man that's little is worse than all;
I will not have a man that's fair,
A man that's black I cannot bear;
A young man is a constant pest,
An old one would my room infest;
A man of sense, they say, is proud,
A senseless one is always loud;
A man that's rich I'm sure won't have me,
And one that's poor I fear would starve me;
A sailor always smells of tar,
A rogue, they say, is at the bar;
A sober man I will not take,
A gambler soon my heart would break;
Of all professions, tempers, ages,
Not one my buoyant heart engages;
Yet strange and wretched is my fate,
For still I sigh for the marriage state.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



TOMMY : And did God make everything, Auntie ?—AUNTIE : Yes, my dear, of course he did.
 TOMMY : Did he make you ?—AUNTIE : Yes.
 TOMMY : And me ?—AUNTIE : Yes.
 TOMMY : And did he make elephants ?—AUNTIE : Yes.
 TOMMY : And fleas ?—AUNTIE : Yes.
 TOMMY : Didn't he find it rather fiddling work after making elephants ?

IS CROQUET ALIVE?

If a plain, straightforward answer had to be given to the question "Is croquet alive?" it would be necessary to say to the interlocutor, "Which croquet do you mean—the old game or the modern one? Because, if you mean the old-fashioned game, it is as dead as a door-nail, while the new one is not only alive, but it is kicking." To all intents and purposes, croquet has undergone a process of resuscitation, and the game has become quite revolutionised. Modern croquet bears about as much resemblance to the old-fashioned game that we remember in our childhood as does billiards of to-day when compared with the game that Kentfield did so much to popularise. I might mention *en passant* that croquet and billiards boast a common ancestry, and are allied to the obsolete games of pall-mall and kayles.

At one time croquet was a most effeminate game, and was specially patronised by young ladies and country parsons as a fitting opportunity to indulge in flirtation. Indeed, one writer on the game, less than thirty years ago, when the first attempt was made to put croquet on a scientific basis, seriously wrote that "the fact that it is the only game that brings gentlemen and ladies together in the open air cannot be rated too highly. Whether for flirtation or downright hard play, croquet has unquestionably achieved this result, and every other pastime has failed." Into the *pros* and *cons* of this weighty argument I will not attempt to enter, but the statement is unusually interesting as an indication of the change that has come over our outdoor exercises in the last quarter of a century.

Golf and lawn-tennis were evidently not in such great favour then as now, as sports equally suitable to ladies and gentlemen. Curiously enough, it is to the prominence that golf has attained as a national pastime that the revival in croquet is due. One well-known manufacturer of implements of outdoor sports assured me last week that the game of croquet has "caught on" enormously within the last few years, and that he makes a hundred per cent. more croquet sets than he did five years ago.

"There is no question," he added, "that the revival of the ancient game is due to one fact, and one fact only, namely, the interest in golf. Croquet is now played regularly by ladies and gentlemen in all the best clubs, such as Ranelagh, Hurlingham, Sheen House, and Wimbledon; and to one club—not a croquet club, mind you—we have supplied as many as twenty complete sets in the last six months. When the laws were altered and the game was changed from a simple amusement into a really scientific game, it attracted no end of votaries, and the annual competition for the All-England Croquet Championship is now quite an event in the sporting calendar."

Numerous croquet clubs exist in different parts of the country, but the "headquarters" of the game are at Wimbledon, and the Wimbledon

Club is to croquet what Hurlingham or Ranelagh is to polo. Two kinds of game are played, "Club" croquet and "Association," both of which are regulated by the laws of the All-England Croquet Association. The principal difference is in the colour of the balls. In the Club game the colours resemble the old-fashioned game, but in "Association" the balls are coloured blue, red, black, and yellow.

As an instance of the improvement croquet has made as a scientific game in the last few years, I may mention that when, in 1868, an immense impetus was given to the game by the formation of the All-England Croquet Club, the width of the hoops was twice that of the balls in Club play, whereas now the width of the hoop is $4\frac{1}{2}$ in., and the diameter of the ball $3\frac{5}{8}$ in. For tournaments the hoops are still smaller, and must not exceed four inches.

The measurements of the ground are 35 yards in length by 28 yards in width, and while, curiously enough, the balls, which must be made of boxwood, must not exceed $3\frac{5}{8}$ in. in diameter, and not weigh less than $13\frac{3}{4}$ oz., or more than $14\frac{1}{4}$ oz., for match play, or less than 15 oz. for prize meetings, no restrictions are put on the number, weight, shape, or material of the mallets.

An innovation has lately been made in the mallet by the application of an indiarubber "face" to one side of the head of the mallet, which has been adopted by the leading players. By the use of the indiarubber face the difficult rolling or following strokes are rendered more easy. The mallets are, as a rule, 3 ft. or 3 ft. 2 in. long, with round or octagonal handles, and are the same weight and size for ladies and gentlemen. Croquet is played in singles or with partners—"four-somes," to be technically correct—and in the latter game the players are divided into captains and seconds.

The United All-England Croquet Association is supreme, and rightly so, in the holding of club or open competitions, and if a croquet club wishes to hold a prize meeting, the U.A.E.C.A. insists, *inter alia*, that the programme shall specify (a) the number

and nature of the contests, whether each is single or double, and who may compete; (b) the number and nature of prizes; (c) the time and place of meeting; and (d) the time and place of draw and the date and hour of closing of entries. But what perhaps is the most important of all is that the Association reserves the right to appoint the referee, who, in his turn, appoints umpires.

Every stimulus is given to croquet by the Association, and, under the existing conditions, it is not surprising to hear that the number of Associates increases daily. A silver medal is presented to any Associate reaching the semi-final stage in any open competition, but no such Associate can win more than one silver medal. The gold medal of the Association is competed for at Wimbledon annually, as well as the gold medal for ladies; but a somewhat singular proviso in the by-laws of the Association states that "Gold medals will be played for by silver medallists only."

A. H. V.



MISS LLOYD GRIFFITHS.



MRS. SPONG.



MISS MAUD DRUMMOND.



MISS ELPHINSTON SMITH.

AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

TERNS AND PLOVERS.

The beautiful birds whose narrow, pointed wings and deeply forked tails have earned them the name of sea-swallows, so common round our own coasts, are even more plentiful round those of Australia, where no fewer than seventeen different species are found, varying in size from the large Powerful Tern to the fairy-like Little Tern. Seven of these species wear much the same uniform, black cap, blue-grey back and wings, and white under-parts. In winter the Australian terns only partially discard the black cap, which, in cold latitudes, disappears altogether, or nearly so; climate has much to say to the seasonal changes of plumage of birds. The most generally known terns are the Noddies, remarkable for their singularly sleepy—not to say stupid—character; these have the habit of perching to roost at night on the yards of the vessel they have been following during the day; and, when awakened by the enterprising tar, inspired by mischief or desire to capture one to keep as a pet, they seem to lose their heads, and, instead of flying away, sit still and show fight. It would seem as though this habit of roosting in the rigging were the outcome of pure laziness, for the birds often elect to sleep there though land be in sight a few miles distant, and therefore easily reached.

Only winter visitors to Australia are the Golden and Grey Plovers, and nowhere are they very numerous. They may be found in localities similar to those patronised by these birds in other parts of the world, the Golden Plover going a little further inland than the Grey, which rarely deserts the low, flat shores so dear to his worm-loving soul. It seems doubtful whether either species breeds in the country; the Grey Plover,

indeed, was regarded by Gould merely as an occasional or accidental visitor. The breeding quarters of this bird had not been discovered in his day; it is not so many years since Mr. Harvie Brown and the late Mr. Seebohm found nests and eggs on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, near the mouth of the Petchora River; it also breeds on the Arctic coasts of Scandinavia and Russia. This being the case, it is hardly surprising that a bird no bigger than a dove should only occasionally visit Australia—literally “a world away” from its breeding areas.



AUSTRALIAN TERNS.



PLOVERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILSON, ABERDEEN.



IN MEMORY OF BISMARCK: A STATUE FOR BERLIN.—HERR BEGAS.

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"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN, I AM HE!"

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The West Indian negro is one of the latest victims of realistic and psychological writers of fiction. During the emancipation movement, and for many years after, he was treated sentimentally. The good, pious black, at the mercy of the cruel Southerner, tenderly grateful for the protection of the North, susceptible to the influences of religion and to all soft emotions, was a favourite with the American moral-story writer. As a variation, we were given the humorous negro, and he was real enough to have a long life, which is not over yet. Quite recently he has been dealt with in an impressionist manner, has been mainly used as a bit of local colour in short stories that have treated his picturesqueness of speech with seriousness and his morals with flippancy. But he has never been made the subject of such detailed, nor, I should say, of such cynical study as in "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer" (Richards). Mr. Haldane McFall must know the West Indies by heart. At least, one hopes he would not take away the character of the coloured inhabitants so completely on the strength of an incomplete acquaintance with them. According to his account, they are no better than they should be, and his story is mainly taken up with the career of a negro adventurer, Jehu Sennacherib Dyle, as abandoned a villain as one is likely to meet with after a long search through fiction and real life. Jezebel is a pretty little, worthless hussy, but the interest in her must pale before the fascination of Dyle, the slippery rascal, who possesses the power given only to the absolutely non-moral of making adventures for themselves. There are passages of pure fun, and there are scenes that are highly tragic. There is merciless analysis, there is a long gallery of crude and vigorous black portraits. In fact, there is far too much of everything in this original, unpleasant, long-winded, and yet undoubtedly interesting book. Now that the negroes are entering the field of literature, we may expect a counterblast to Mr. McFall's far from complimentary picture of the race. By the way, it is somewhat surprising to find "Jezebel Pettyfer" dedicated to that champion of English morality, Sarah Grand.

In "Aunt Judith's Island" (Richards) Mr. F. C. Constable has perpetrated a ponderous joke in three hundred and sixty pages. I am sure it is a joke with a serious object. It may be intended as a satire on the Concert of Europe in the Eastern Question, or on the snobbery of the British nation, or on a great many other social and mental weaknesses shouted at and hustled in true low comedy fashion by this facetious moralist. Whatever its intention, the result is as dreary as it is noisy. The story seems to be modelled clumsily on Mr. Stockton's inferior romances, but Mr. Stockton at his worst is brilliant by comparison, as well as much less pretentious. A farcical writer with some tact would have worked the situation for all it was worth in two short chapters, but Mr. Constable sticks to it for two long books. Aunt Judith is an eccentric millionaire, who conceives the extraordinary idea of buying an island in the Mediterranean in the neighbourhood of Crete, peopling it with the members and connections of her very numerous and very commonplace family, and providing it with a king and a constitution. To let loose a miscellaneous crew of relatives, mostly unknown to each other, in a new country, all but uninhabited, might provide a very pretty farcical situation, if the fun were fast and merry. But here the possibilities of mirth are deliberately given away, half the book being devoted to an elaborate description of each and all of the Sywards as they lived their dull and foolish lives in Britain. We are sick to death of the name of Syward before it ever leaves the shores of Old England. We have discovered them to be bores before the island experiment is tried. They reach there with a dreary reputation, which no amount of ludicrous conduct can enable them to live down. As I have said, a consciousness of the serious intention haunts a reader. If the writer had only dared to be simply serious, instead of forcing family-charade wit for the whole length of a thick volume, in hopes of touching the moral sense or the intelligence of the frivolous! He has some bright ideas, and his chapter-headings hint that he has read widely. Let us hope that his next story may find a merciful publisher with a thick blue pencil to strike out all the humour.

There are some story-writers who should never treat the familiar and the homely. The remoter their theme from our common interests, the more easy, natural, and convincing is their manner. Mrs. Steel is one of them, her Indian stories being as imaginative and vigorous as her tales of English life are dull and undistinguished. But there are such cases, and in the authoress of "Jabez Nutyard" (Jarrod), I have struck on one of them. It is a harmless, well-conditioned tale of a working-man, much above his fellows in refinement and culture, and much above average human nature in general morality. His few adventures while acting with his employer during a strike, and while in the company of his social betters, who find his company agreeable, or, at least, inoffensive, are told in a quiet, pleasant manner. But they are not numerous or striking enough to make a book about, and padding in the shape of various irrelevant love-stories has to be introduced. The whole is too unsensational for a railway journey, and not good enough to spend leisure upon. But its author should not be judged by this attempt at portraying English life. Mrs. Edmonds knows more of modern Greece than almost any other living English writer; and she deserves to be forgiven "Jabez Nutyard"—by no means a serious offence after all—and remembered as the writer of "Greek Lays," "Amygdala," and especially of "Kolokotronis"; the last a notable book, published, I believe, in Mr. Unwin's "Adventure Series."

"Death and the Woman" (Lawrence Greening and Co.), by Arnold Goldsworthy—body-snatching, diamond-stealing, five murders; leading detective and "boss" of thieves in one; Kensington beauty and Limehouse "pal" of murderers and disposer of their victims also in one; trap-door in Limehouse "pub" leading to cellar, thence to muddy Thames; gurgling water, slippery planks, all other creepy accompaniments to crime always ready at call; four-wheeler at hand near Hatton Garden specially built for settling diamond-merchants—ground-glass windows, self-locking door, hermetically sealed interior, chloroform tube breathing sleep to rich victim inside; professional strangler as cabman on the box. Mr. Goldsworthy weaves all these into his story and feels he may call it a "dramatic novel." Melodramatic, may be, but not a *tour de force* at that. Too many incidents, too few motives, too ridiculously impossible characters prevent the book from being a front-rank crime mystery. The wit and shrewdness and gay wisdom that Mr. Goldsworthy gave in abundance "in another place" are all left out of this 'orrible tale. Mrs. Osborn, the amazing person round whom the story whirls, is only to be explained on the assumption of insanity, and that is begging the question, when the author has been suggesting motives and claiming wondrous nerve, resource, and intelligence for the lady all the time. Her villainous counter-plotter, one Edward Carter, alias the "Boss," is yet more unsatisfactory. He is presented to us as a man of iron nerve, without scruple or conscience, a millionaire by the exercise of these qualities, and a king of criminals through sheer will-power. One day he gets an anonymous letter smeared through with italics and big type. "He mopped the cold perspiration from his brow fiercely." This collapse grows rapidly worse. A visitor calls and finds him "now crouched in the chair, his bloodshot eyes rolling from side to side, and a faint, nervous smile spread over his features, that seemed to wear a ghastly pallor." The other actors in the story are never more than transient and embarrassed phantoms, except Jim, the craven, drunken murderer. Against these shortcomings has to be placed the admission that the book is not dull, and that things keep on happening till the last chapter which hold the reader's interest alive. Its attractions would have been vastly enhanced by a little literary style. Unhappily, it has no style. o. o.

"THE SHOOTING SEASON BEGINS."

The day after to-morrow is the Twelfth, a date that will be hailed with delight by sportsmen, but is surely a day of evil portent to the wearers of fur and feather, for at sunrise on Friday (or perhaps before)—the close time of the grouse, the earliest of the sportsman's victims, having terminated at midnight on Thursday—the slaughter will commence. Since the days when Norman William preserved large tracts of land, such as that where the Red King met his death, for the purpose of following the chase, England has rejoiced in, or groaned under (the verb is dependent on the point of view), game laws, or, as I believe they were called in Norman times, forest laws. For many a year a certain rank, or the possession of a certain amount of landed property, was a necessary qualification for the killing of game. No yeoman, no hind, no serf, dare shoot bolt or arrow, or loose hawk at fur or feather; the privilege was for the great and powerful, and for them alone. Most of our sovereigns loved the chase, and their fondness for it has been woven into many a deathless ballad and romance. Even that unmanly Stuart, the first James, was partial to sport, but in his reign the qualification for indulgence in it was not so prohibitive as in the days of the Norman monarchs. An income of £40 a-year from land, or £200 from personal estate, bestowed the coveted privilege when King Jamie wrote counter-blasts against tobacco, and hunted deer, to say nothing of witches. The "mutton-eating King" varied these qualifications to £100 from land or £150 from personal estate. It was not till the long reign of "Farmer George" that persons qualified to kill game were compelled to take out a licence. The irksome qualification was not got rid of till the reign of William IV., when the Game Act, almost as it is at present, was passed. By this Act, any person taking out a licence was entitled to kill game, and, under its provisions, "hares, pheasants, partridges, grouse, heath-game, moor-game, black-game, and bustards" were made legal game of. To kill game on one's own land without a licence is illegal, while to kill game on other folks' property entails a heavier penalty, and to kill it at night is visited more severely than if the "trespass in pursuit of game" occurs in daylight. Poachers, when in parties of five or more, are liable to a heavier fine than when only one or two are engaged in this illicit sport. A gun-licence is necessary for the shooting of any furred or feathered creature, but the possession of a game-licence covers the necessity of that for carrying a gun. Certain people, though they are comparatively few in number, may discharge guns without a licence; they are soldiers, sailors, volunteers, constables on duty or at practice, occupiers of land searing birds or killing vermin, or persons so acting under the orders of occupiers who hold a licence. Except among keen sportsmen and country magnates there is a certain sneaking sympathy for the poacher, and the Radical press love to rap the knuckles of some of the "great unpaid" for the severity of their sentences upon "vagabonds." Charles Kingsley was a fine specimen of the muscular Christian, fond of sports and pastimes; but to judge from his work, "Yeast," in which occurs the song of the poacher's widow, "The Merry Brown Hares came Leaping," one would be inclined to believe he had a kindness for the poacher, which will be felt by few of the gunners who are about to celebrate the Feast of St. Grouse.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE THEATRES.

The weather has been so good recently that theatrical managers have been chary of starting new ventures (although "Bilberry of Tilbury" was put on at the Criterion on Monday), and some of the older shows



MISS EDNA MAY AND HER SISTER.
Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

have not held their own against the numerous outdoor attractions. "The Belle of New York" is going as merrily as ever, and Edna May is still excellent.

Now is the winter of the understudy's discontent made glorious summer by the departure of the principals to take holiday. I looked in at Daly's a few nights ago, and found that Marie Tempest and Letty Lind were away. The former was on her honeymoon tour, and Miss Lind was taking her usual summer holiday. Miss Maud Boyd took the place of Miss Tempest, and deserved credit, even though she could not claim distinction. She is a Lancashire lady, and has appeared in several Gaiety pieces on tour. I saw her for the first time some five years ago, if memory serves me truly, as Marguerite in "Faust Up to Date." She will shortly play the part of Maia in the company that goes on tour through the big provincial towns with "A Greek Slave." Letty Lind's part was played by Miss Coralie Blythe, who is a neat little dancer, infuses a fair amount of fun into the part, and can at least sing as well as Miss Lind. The changes endured by the second act of "A Greek Slave" are wonderful. It was never very remarkable for coherence, and repeated alterations fail to endow it with that excellent quality. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the frequent changes in the second act may justify the admirers of the play in seeing it more than once. Daly's is not the only theatre that gives the understudies a chance. At the time of writing, Ellaline Terriss is away from the Gaiety.

I hear great things of the elaborate preparations made by Mr. George Edwardes for his tour of "A Greek Slave," and the splendid company engaged include two of my especial favourites, charming Miss Marie Studholme and versatile Miss Minnie Hunt. Starting, also, are several tours of "The Little Minister," and I have already referred to provincial arrangements respecting "The J.P." and "My Innocent Boy." Of much interest assuredly will be the trip round the South Coast watering-places of the brothers George and Weedon Grossmith in their new "Comedy of Errors," called alliteratively "Young Mr. Yarde," by Messrs. Paul Rubens and Harold Ellis. This instance of a surname in a play-title reminds me that Mr. George H. Broadhurst, the author of "What Happened to Jones," has written another farce similarly entitled "Why Smith Left Home."

The Liverpool jury which gave Mr. Edmund Tearle damages against a dramatic critic acted after their kind. No jury would ever sanction criticism which causes commercial loss. Mr. Tearle pleaded that the attack on his "religious" play had compelled him to change the bill, with the result that the receipts fell from £40 to £14. So the jury gave him £40! On this principle a London manager who is compelled to withdraw a play by the unanimous verdict of the critics might sue

every paper in turn, and reap a handsome harvest. At this rate, it might even pay him sometimes to have a failure. Of course, the Liverpool verdict is ridiculous, and ought to be set aside by a Court of Appeal. A dramatic critic has a perfect right to say that a piece, in his judgment, is "repulsive" and "irreverent," when it can be clearly shown that he is not actuated by malice. But a British jury never could understand the principle of criticism, and, unless we have Judges of Appeal with more brains than commonly belong to twelve men in a box, it will become a legal maxim that dramatic notices (unless they be favourable) are contrary to the public weal.

In "L'Aiglon," the play which M. Rostand has written for Madame Bernhardt, Sarah is to play the part of the Duc de Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I. by his second marriage with Marie Louise of Austria. Before Madame Bernhardt left London she ordered the perruque which she purposes wearing in "L'Aiglon" from her beloved Mr. Clarkson, and she was so pleased with it that she sent her photograph, dedicated as follows, "A Clarkson, le roi des artistes-coiffeurs, Sarah Bernhardt." Many-mouthed Rumour now has it that a quarrel has occurred between M. Rostand and the great actress. I am inclined to think, however, that the affair is a mere bagatelle, and should not be taken seriously. We shall see.

"Naughty Rosina," a new farcical comedy by Leonard Montague and Alban Atwood, will be played for the first time on any stage at Brixton on Monday. Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk is in the cast.

One article in the *Cornish Magazine* for August will interest many more people than the "Pad and Pen," for Mr. Arthur Brasher tells the story of Sir Henry Irving's life there. I should have liked, however, to have been presented with a pedigree of Sir Henry's family.

Mr. T. B. Davis, referring to my paragraph about the production of "Little Miss Nobody" at the Lyric Theatre, tells me that Mr. Love is in no way interested in this production.

Miss Frances Earle, who made so favourable an impression on London audiences when "On the March" was played at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is now appearing at the Criterion Theatre in Mr. Cecil Beryl's "Bilberry of Tilbury" company. Miss Earle, whose picture is here given, plays the part of the burlesque actress who runs a detective agency in her leisure hours. It is a pity that the character is not more developed on the dramatic side, where Miss Earle's undoubted acting talent would have more scope than musical comedy allows. Her grace, elegance, and high spirits, as well as her singing and clever dancing, and a certain *cachet* of distinction, have in a comparatively



MISS FRANCES EARLE.
Photo by Laniado and Bell, Liverpool.

short time given her a reputation which is seldom achieved so quickly. Playgoers with memories will notice the strong resemblance between her and Miss Emma Chambers, a popular *divette* a few years ago.

REARING WILD DUCKS.

With Aug. 1 the close time for some of the wildfowl came to an end, wild ducks among others. The shooting of the "flappers," otherwise the young ducks, is very good fun, but it is expensive, for, if persisted in, whole broods of ducklings are destroyed. Fortunately for the ducks, this form of sport is not very popular, most people regarding it as unsportsmanlike to shoot the birds before they can fly, and, since the



YOUNG WILD DUCKS.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

modern method of rearing wild ducks is now generally adopted, the birds get another respite, as they are not taken to the waterfowl preserve until they can use their wings.

In the initial stages wild ducks are reared in the same way as the domestic variety, the eggs being hatched by foster-mothers; generally the domestic hen is used for this purpose, the process occupying twenty-eight days. When hatched, they remain with their foster-mothers for a few days only, being then taken to a large, airy enclosure, and allowed the free use of a pond of water. Here they remain until such time as they are required for the waterfowl preserve, but a number of them are kept in hand as stock-birds for the next season. At this time their wings remain uncut, and it is "quite a sight" to see them, scores at a time, flying round the farm in the summer evenings; it is somewhat strange, considering their wild nature, that they always return to the homestead. They retain their liberty for a few months, but, as the nesting season approaches, they are caught for the purpose of having their wings clipped, otherwise they would take their flight for good. At this season, too, they are more closely confined, as they have a habit of depositing their eggs anywhere and everywhere. These, too, the keeper must collect, or that artful winged thief, the crow, will soon devour them. As a precaution against poachers, a few Guinea-chicks are turned in with the ducks, for, at the slightest disturbance, the former will set up a shrill cry of alarm and bring the keeper on the scene. Turkeys are also used for the same purpose. The Dwrights, of Berkhamstead, from whose farm these pictures were got, keep some five hundred stock-birds, and a fine sight they present with their brilliant plumage.

SOME BIRD BOOKS.*

The appearance of a second edition of Mr. Harting's "Hints on Hawks," enlarged by the inclusion of much new matter, affords reason to believe that the famous sport of our ancestors is now receiving more of the attention it deserves. The modern literature on falconry is somewhat limited, and though the works of Salvin and Brodrick, Freeman and Salvin, and "Peregrine" are excellent and reliable in their scope, they lack the educational value of this book. He who would learn how to handle, manage,

and train a hawk cannot do better than possess himself of this treatise, which tells everything the would-be falconer need know, even the proper method of taking the bird out of the basket in which he has arrived. The peregrine, sparrow-hawk, and merlin are the three British hawks trained for the chase. The goshawk also stands high in favour, but this species can only be procured from the Continent. Mr. Harting recommends the 'prentice hand to begin with a merlin, as being the easiest to tame and train; this beautiful little hawk, however, is not sufficiently powerful to fly at such birds as grouse or partridge; these

are the prey of the peregrine and goshawk; the skylark is the quarry for the "Lady's Hawk," as the merlin is called, and anyone who has watched the wild hawk in pursuit of its quarry "ringing up" almost into cloudland can realise the extraordinary fascination of flying a merlin. Falconry in every form is essentially the purest of sport, as the human can neither help pursuer nor hinder pursued. A small but increasing number of enthusiasts make a bag of grouse or partridges every season with hawks. Mr. Harting does not forget to combat the widely held but mistaken idea that grouse-hawking ruins a moor by frightening the game away. It has never been urged by any responsible authority that wild hawks frighten game over the marches. The book is beautifully illustrated with reproductions of photographs from life and drawings by Mr. R. Lodge.

M. E. Oustalet, in his preface to M. Louis Ternier's "Wildfowl in France," deplores the inclination of his countrymen to study any branch of natural history rather than ornithology; the fact is, our neighbours are of temperament too sociable and lively to care for a science which demands of its votaries silence, solitude, power of sustained observation, and patience. M. Ternier is a naturalist-sportsman who can observe, note—aye, and manipulate a clever pencil as well as use *le canon choke-bored*; his ideas as to what constitutes game, as might be supposed, are more embracing than those entertained on our side of the Channel, but we need not take him to task for that. His descriptions of plumage and form, nest and egg, are correct as far as they go. He is sparing of technicalities, and his remarks frequently display intimacy with the habits and peculiarities of species. It is odd to the English mind to find the author gravely debating the utility of dogs for shooting by riverside and marsh. Personal acquaintance with the average *chien de chasse* and its light-hearted vagaries is needful to appreciate the doubt. One curious error must be noted: of the Great Auk, "*cet oiseau fort rare ne fait en France que des apparitions très accidentelles*"! The last authenticated occurrence of the Great Auk dates back to the year 1834.

Mr. Charles Dixon has apparently set himself the task of approaching bird life from every possible standpoint, and he is not invariably careful to make the contents of his book fit the title. Thus, under "Vanishing British Birds" he includes the Golden Eagle, of which noble creature he makes the perfectly correct and welcome statement that "it maintains its ground, and in some districts is actually increasing"; but, if occasionally self-contradictory—he does not quite know his own mind about feather-wearing woman—Mr. Dixon is always readable. Apropos of his wish to see the Great Bustard re-introduced, he will be glad to know that quite recently a number of these birds were lodged in the Zoological Gardens, *en route to*—well, to the county where they have been turned down. To give their present address would not tend perhaps to ensure the success of the experiment. Mr. Whympster contributes some excellent pictures.



A GROUP OF ONE HUNDRED STOCK-BIRDS.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

* "Hints on the Management of Hawks." By J. E. Harting. Second Edition. London: Horace Cox.

"La Sauvagine en France." Par Louis Ternier. Paris: Maison Ditor.

"Lost and Vanishing Birds." By Charles Dixon. London: John Macquenn.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Now that the entries for the Autumn Handicaps are out, many of the old stagers will begin to think about going into winter quarters, and I fancy those who stop gambling for the year with the finish of the Houghton Meeting have the best of the argument, for the form shown at the final meeting of the season is not always in strict accordance with



THE "BRITANNIA" BEAGLES.

the book. Perhaps the change in the going has a lot to do with this; as an example, take those horses who performed so well in the mud when running for the Lincoln Handicap—none of them have done anything during the summer; but directly we get soft going once more, depend on it, Prince Barcaldine and some of those that ran behind him on the Carholme will come to hand again.

Although the rings are better kept than they used to be at the majority of race-meetings, there are still too many deadheads and lumberers present in Tattersall's rings and the paddocks. These gentlemen must make a good living at the game, as they always dress in the height of fashion, and are able to drink champagne all the day through. They fasten on to any young sprig of the nobility who has money to spend, and they proceed to cut him up to perfection. It would be interesting to know who the king of the lumberers really is, for there must be some chief who arranges the several schemes for getting money from those who happen to possess it. The chief of the card-sharpers is a well-known character, but it is a remarkable fact that he has never been convicted in England, although he was once imprisoned in France.

The South Country railway companies charge extra fares to race-goers, but I have always contended that those people who were on pleasure bent should not have a monopoly of the comfort to the detriment of ordinary passengers. I think it is far more important that a City man's train should arrive at its destination in time than that a sportsman should reach the course to the minute. The followers of the Turf are, so far as most of them are concerned, selfish to a point, and they grumble if they are, say, three-quarters of an hour doing a twenty-mile journey. This is one side of the picture. On the other hand, I think the General Traffic Managers should stop all fast trains at racecourse stations where meetings are being held. The delay would not amount to more than three minutes, while the boon would be a great one to many sportsmen.

The dodges of advertising tipsters are, to say the least of it, unique, but, for brazen cheek, commend me to one of the fraternity who, just prior to Goodwood, sent out a circular headed "Two High-Class Racehorses for £2." A line like that in large type is just the sort to appeal to people who have a larger share of money than brains, but the

gentleman who sent it out did not do his selection thoroughly, for a good many who received them forwarded them to me. The gentleman has, according to himself, greater opportunity than anybody for knowing what horses will be entered in overnight races, would not "back the horses in the Ring and thus make them favourites, but could make thousands of pounds by wiring them to thousands of customers all over the world, whose commissions could not in any way interfere with the price of the horses in the Ring." That is given as a kind of introduction. The most important statement (from the tout's own point of view) is this: "If you like to combine and buy, say, two good horses, and run them during the present season, I will take the sole management of them and pay all training, jockey's, and entrance fees myself . . . and . . . if everyone receiving this intimation joins the list with £2, we can get a couple of good horses." I haven't heard anything further about this beautiful syndicate, so I presume it has fallen through.

An honest, hard-working, and high-class hurdler in old Instep was shot the other day. He was a half-bred horse by Intrepid out of High Heels, but put on record some fine performances under big weights. He must have been a real good one to carry such welters as he did, for he was not a big horse.

Jeddah was looked upon as a lucky Derby winner until he confirmed the form at Ascot. Then he was looked upon as a St. Leger winner until Cap Martin won the St. James's Palace Stakes from Dieudonné with seeming great ease. On the score of what is latest is best, Cap Martin was consequently put forward to the same position as Jeddah, and all sorts of tales flew about as to what Cap Martin was likely to do at Doncaster. Taking the Goodwood running as a guide, when Dieudonné beat Cap Martin as far as he had been beaten at Ascot, Cap Martin has no chance at all of winning the St. Leger, and it seems safe to prophesy that the Doncaster race will go to the Egerton House Stable. At the same time, the three-year-olds are so bad that there is no reason at all why all previous form should not be turned topsy-turvy.—CAPTAIN COE.

THE "BRITANNIA" BEAGLES.

H.M.S. *Britannia*, where our future Nelsons are trained, is proud of its pack of beagles. An interesting trophy in solid silver has just been completed by Wilson and Gill, of Regent Street, for the ward-room mess of the *Britannia*. It consists of a finely modelled and life-like group, representing huntsman and two beagles (*Britannia* beagles), standing on a polished ebony plinth richly embellished with silver mouldings and emblematical panels. The work has been carried out with great taste and skill, as might be expected from the firm to which the order for the trophy had been entrusted.



ROBERT ABEL.
Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Aug. 10, 8.31; Thursday, 8.29; Friday, 8.27; Saturday, 8.25; Sunday, 8.23; Monday, 8.21; Tuesday, 8.19.

From far-off Maribogo, in Bechuanaland, comes this picture of a little South African cyclist, Miss Ethel Chittenden, aged eight. She



A LITTLE SOUTH AFRICAN CYCLIST.

and her brother (*ætat.* six) ride easily eight or ten miles on roads heavy with driven sand in places and quite equal to double the distance on the finely metalled turnpikes in this country.

At no time since the universal adoption of the safety cycle have accidents, many of them very serious accidents, been so general as they have been during the last fortnight or three weeks—in fact, since the beginning of the present holiday season. Every newspaper of importance, every provincial journal, and almost every local news-sheet in the little country villages scattered throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, have, during the last few weeks, teemed with reports of cycling calamities, and, when we recollect that a vast number of mishaps occur which never are reported at all, we instinctively pause in order seriously to consider what ought to be done to put a stop to these accidents. As a rule, the conclusion arrived at is an unsatisfactory one, for so little can be done that will effectually minimise the sum-total of these accidents. Time after time, cyclists, especially beginners, have been warned by their friends and acquaintances, as well as by influential writers in magazines and newspapers, to avoid certain faults and to put into practice certain simple rules, but as well might the warnings and the advice be hurled at a stone wall. When, for instance, the very week after urging, after actually beseeching, all persons who read my notes in this and other newspapers, never to set out for a long ride without first carefully examining their machines, I hear of no less than four ladies and two men coming to serious grief solely through having neglected to take this simple precaution, I admit that one is apt to feel disheartened, and to wonder whether, after all, the ordinary, everyday cyclist has any intelligence at all, and, if so, whether he be worthy of sympathy.

The only alternative seems to be, to let rash wheelmen and wheelwomen continue, unheeded, the even tenor of their uneven way, and to give them the next best bit of advice in the hope that they may possibly be induced to attend to that. I would, then, earnestly implore all cyclists, at least, to insure against accidents, and if they can be prevailed upon to insure their lives as well, so much the better for their heirs, executors, and assigns. Many insurance companies now make the insurance of cyclists, and of cycles as well for that matter, a speciality, though whether, in the face of the excessive recklessness and carelessness of the class of cyclists already alluded to, they find it a lucrative speculation, is doubtful. I have been told lately of a newly established firm which goes so far as to guarantee, in return for an annual premium of one shilling, to pay £1 a-week in the event of disablement brought about by a cycling accident. Perhaps the Rock Assurance Company undertakes as many varieties of insurance as any company, and I believe that it pays as much attention to cyclists as it does to twin children, or, as the actuary delicately terms the little strangers, “plural births.”

The one day in the year on which cyclists most do congregate is the August Bank Holiday. I have not yet seen the statistics for this year, but no doubt we shall soon be told of the unprecedented number of machines carried by the various railway companies. Last year the Great Western are said to have conveyed somewhere about twelve

hundred machines from Paddington Station on that day, while the booking for the last week in July was little short of 3500. These numbers will probably be exceeded this year, when the statistics are published. For my own part, I allowed my machine to rest peacefully on its stand on Aug. 1. There were too many scorers about, and I am not anxious to end my career prematurely.

If you want to cycle in Oxfordshire, you cannot do better than get Bartholomew's new map, which is drawn to the scale of two inches to the mile.

In a case at the South-Western Police Court the other day, when an omnibus-driver was charged with ill-treating a cat by running over it, the solicitor for the defence remarked that “cats were the cyclist's sorrow”—though in this case it were more appropriate to call them the 'bus-driver's sorrow. Perhaps my own neighbourhood is not greatly infested with the domestic tabby, or they may be a better-trained race of cats than those of Middlesex and Surrey; but, for some reason or other, I have never ridden over a cat, nor have I heard of anyone else having done so. The absolute indifference of a dog to an approaching wheel has occasionally made my hair stand on end, but to designate poor puss “the cyclist's sorrow” is, I venture to say, a libel on her gentle race.

It is true I have once heard of an accident caused by a cat, but this was a Hampshire cat. She did not deliberately lie in the middle of the road and allow herself to be run over. As some lady cyclists were riding through the village, she sprang into the wheel of the nearest lady, who, in falling, upset her companion, the result being a broken rib, which was laid to the charge of impulsive puss. My impression regarding that cat is that she was training for a circus, and, not seeing the spokes of the wheel, imagined it was a hoop through which she was expected to leap, and was, no doubt, much disappointed at her performance being greeted with execration instead of applause.

A Frenchman, Pierre Beaune by name, who has been blind for fourteen years, has written to *Le Velo* proposing a race for blind cyclists from Bordeaux to Paris and back. Road-racing under any circumstances is to be condemned, but when it comes to a blind men's race the matter becomes more serious. Should the proposed race be carried out, I recommend all riders to avoid the Paris-Bordeaux road at that time.

Another accident, fortunately not a serious one, has occurred owing to the inflammable nature of celluloid. A Swansea cyclist found his gear-case on fire, and narrowly escaped injury to himself in consequence. The accident was probably caused by a lighted match lodging on the gear-case, for celluloid will not ignite unless a flame comes actually in contact with it.

We are likely soon to be obliged, one and all, to wear a number or some such distinctive mark, or perhaps a badge, by means of which the police will be able at a glance to identify each of us, as though we were so many 'bus-conductors, cab-drivers, or ticket-of-leave men. Should this suggested odious regulation actually become law, we know full well whom we shall have to blame for it. The scorer, or, in other words, the cycling boulder, is the individual who is doing his best to bring



PINFOLD, WHO WON THE BRIGHTON CUP.

about the change. He belongs to the offensive class of Britishers who exasperate owners of private parks and places of interest by cutting names on trees and benches, mutilating plants and shrubs, and leaving bottles, scraps of food, and bits of paper in all sorts of conspicuous places within the said parks.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title page and Index of Volume Twenty-two (from April 27 to July 20, 1898) of THE SKETCH can be had, *Gratis*, through any *Newsagent*, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

I have been in town for three days, and I have met three people, and they all looked somewhat ashamed of themselves, not to say apologetic, and seemed anxious, furthermore, to explain at extreme length that they were only "passing through" between visits, and had come up to town



AN ORIGINAL SUMMER FROCK.

for collars and tooth-brushes, or thereabouts. Needless to add, they were men. Would not any self-respecting woman live in the coal-cellar sooner than walk abroad in August? It really does seem rather absurd though to reflect that one is permissible and admissible about town up to the very last gasp of July, while one hour of the present month puts an appearance in public—except from a luggage-laden cab-window point of view—out of the question, so greatly do we conform to mere foolish externals, so overweighted are we with fear and trembling of that most irresponsible of bugbears—public opinion. Certainly, seething pavements, odorous atmosphere, and a heaven like brass above one are not incentives to long delays in early autumn in our only metropolis. But are bricks and mortar less a tragedy to our souls and bodies in the sun-laden ether of June and July, which we cheerfully, yea, ostentatiously, spend in town, while throistles are singing "way down" the country hedgerows and peeping roses clamber about our empty bedroom-window. The London Season ought once for all to be banished into the "fall." From Oct. 1 up to Christmas is even now a busy, cheerful aftermath, speaking from the purely social aspect. Nor is the weather unforgivable by any means in town, while these aforesaid months are given up to moaning winds and rustling leaves in the country. Of course, the sporting contingent will never consider absence as possible, probable, or permissible while birds are abroad and foxes within hail of a pink-coated perspective. More power to them too! I am all one with them there, particularly the cross-country section; but that the Season should be shaken out of its present groove I am equally convinced, and only hope a prophetic will arise within measurable distance to work out its much-needed reform.

Meanwhile dispersed Society has sent instalments here, there, and everywhere, but the largest, perhaps, to Cowes, where sunny weather, but very stiff breezes to boot, have put in some cases the frail, fashionable equilibrium to unexpected tests recently. Fair-weather sailors do not bargain for quarter-gales, and quaint but untranslatable experiences are apt to follow the footsteps of those who rarely wander from terra-firma. There were incidents, therefore, resulting from Tuesday's and Wednesday's breezy weather which would make amusing "little literature," but discretion stops the way, and one is forced to

dissemble from passing round the *bonne-bouche* gossip when the subject is so tiresomely prosaic as that of mere mal-de-mer. Some of the dresses on the Yacht Club Lawn were more than merely pretty. Of course, the situation, with its velvety greensward and shady old elms and sparkling sea in front, gives a *mise-en-scène* more sympathetic than mere Season circumstances afford. Still, the gowns on their own mere merits were, in many cases, masterpieces, two which particularly attracted our artist's fancy being reproduced here. One, a very finely pleated white silk muslin, daintily tricked out with narrow black bébé velvet sewn on in lines, made a much-admired appearance. Insertions of white embroidered mousseline were laid on between, and one of the wide new pointed collars with frilled edges enclosed a pleated chemisette of white lisse over silk of the same colour. A second graceful dress was made in one of the new spotted muslins which were introduced too late in the Season to achieve the success their prettiness undoubtedly deserved. Rows of flouncings and insertion gave the fluffiness about its wearer's feet which is at present the desired of all beholders. A large white hat of the picture type, plentifully adorned with roses and chiffon, was airily, fairly *en suite* and quite extremely becoming. How much nicer, by the way, to meet within the present precincts of this charming club than when, as in our grandmothers' days, the Royal Yacht Squadron was wont to foregather at the Medina Hotel of East Cowes, or, later still, at the Gloucester Hotel on the Marine Parade, which now adjoins the Royal London Yacht Club. It is to Lord Conyngham that the R. Y. S. owes its possession of the Castle, for in 1856, having leased this property from the Crown, he passed it on to the Club, who have had possession ever since. From the funny little structure with a dumpy tower, which it used to be, the Castle is now, as partially rebuilt, a roomy and eminently comfortable club-house, and in the summer months, when white-winged sailing-boats are in commission, shelters at one time or another in its comfortable dining-room not alone a goodly proportion of the brave, but a large contingent of distinguished fair also, who now more than ever affect going down to the sea(board!) in ships.

A prettily composed frock for the garden-party now raging so fiercely in county society is indicated in my third illustration, which is made in a pretty, light-coloured washing-silk, with cross-pleats made of tiny tucks, which are repeated on the *en forme* flounce and upper sleeves. In a light-patterned mauve-and-white silk, with a bias waistband of lettuce-green, I have seen this style look very inviting; it might also be



USEFUL FOR THE COUNTRY.

done in the black and white of our present almost undivided affections. A shady hat of white satin straw trimmed with harebells and white chiffon is to be worn with it.

A good many people are going on to Dinard from Cowes in their yachts, that gay little Gallic watering-place having come very fashionably

to the front of late years. The New Club is a pleasant afternoon rendezvous, boasting a capital band just now among other attractions, so that the "five o'clock" there, enlivened with good music, and tea to match, attracts a good many visitors. Mrs. Hughes-Hallett's little house-party at Mon Plaisir includes just now Lady Romilly and Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Hay, so Mr. Hooley had better not go to Dinard this season!

Autumn, which always offers such infinite variety in millinery matters, with brilliantly tinted fruits, flowers, and grasses, has been availed of by French milliners this year to introduce seasonable but extravagant departures in the devious devices of hat-trimming. Fancy walking abroad under the shelter of a few well-developed sunflowers or in a bonnet arranged with delicately painted orange velvet carrots! Cherries, currants (red, white, and black), and raspberries make the prettiest "fruit garnitures," as they are called; nuts with foliage are also much in evidence, and many-coloured asters are grouped brilliantly against stiffly twisted loops of contrasting velvet. The "Louis" bow, studded with jewels, appears also on many of the new chapeaux, which already, sad to relate, has discontinued its use of the diaphanous chiffon, so reminding us that the summer of our content is no more.

Our neck-trimmings have received a good deal of attention lately in the matter of bows, cravats, chemisettes, and so forth, ostrich feathers,



AN IDEAL DRESS FOR THE GARDEN.

taffetas, and silk muslin being variously employed as component parts. New departures are being industriously prepared for autumn wear, moreover, and we shall see the ubiquitous feather boa replaced by a prototype in frilled taffetas, among other novelties. An extremely *chic* arrangement of the sort came within my range of vision at the Brighton Races on Thursday, whither I had coaxed down to see a friend's horse compete in the High Weight Handicap. This boa of shot pale-green and white taffetas was made of small, equally stitched pleats placed in circles and arranged with a large bow composed of two hoops on each side, finished off by frilled points, half-handkerchief fashion. We shall see tartan taffetas on the list of autumn wearables, and silk fringes in all sorts of colour combinations with which to trim our gowns. Poplin, or tabinet, as our great-aunts were accustomed to call it, is also in the bill; and the Princesse dress, dished up *à la Louis Seize*, is to be once more foisted on our figures—if we will consent to adopt it—which necessary amendment is not always given sufficient consideration in convocations of the modiste perhaps. If perseverance spells success, however, exploiters of the Princesse robe should see their desires fulfilled, and their commandments received by that certain section who will always wear anything, provided it be promised a fashionable hearing. One quite admirable little dress of pale-grey taffetas, sent out by an artist of the Place Vendôme to a Homburg-going acquaintance, is made in this way, and will, no doubt, gain all the credit it deserves at that head-centre of costume. The skirt, made quite tight round the figure, is rather long; its oval tunic opens slightly to the left side, showing underneath a skirt trimmed with nousseline-de-soie flounces of the same tone, each one

daintily frilled and embroidered. Around the tunic a three-inch silk fringe is seen, made with an open-work heading, after the approved Early Victorian tradition.

I suppose a chronicler of fashion ought not to have prejudices, yet I must own to a sneaking antagonism for the robe Princesse, notwithstanding, though at the same time freely owning the excellent impression produced on me by this single example just quoted. If all women were tall, graceful, swan-like—if all women could command the services of unexceptionable artists—then, indeed, the Princesse dress might be advanced as the only possible wear of the well-bestowed. Unhappily, however, we live in a world full as it can hold of inequalities and imperfections, where dumpy figures, experimentally disposed dress-makers, and disappointed dreams are generally the rule, not the exception. Hence, when ambition spells also discord, I think it wiser to adopt a safe middle course and leave perfection altogether out of one's counsels, whether the object desired is a Princesse frock or a porphyry palazzo. Philosophically speaking, it is better to content oneself with the inevitable limitations of dry-as-dust possibilities, which generally climb down to provincial villadom or the safe middle course of the coat and skirt.

It is always one individual who causes a revolution. Circumstances may have long prepared the way, and time has been ripe for it, but both have had to await the hour and the man. No less to the history of chairs and tables than of nations do such platitudes apply, and, as it is with the former that we women have to concern ourselves most nearly, I have chosen Waring's as the artistic peg on which to hang my present reflections. The immediate cause of these is due to the installation of charming and luxuriously complete rooms in Sloane Street, for which Waring and Sons, decorators *par excellence*, are responsible. Even the outside of this shrine devoted to domestic art is appropriately æsthetic, being rendered in the bold outlines of the François Premier period, while the shop itself more recalls an interior of the Gallic Renaissance than the surroundings one associates, as a rule, with that unromantic term. All the important furniture periods are, in a word, represented in one or other of an interesting series of rooms. There is a boudoir in all the dainty artificiality of Louis Quinze, and a quaintly beautiful "closet" in the manner of that monarch's successor; an Adams parlour, exquisite, elegant, formal; a massive, sonorous Jacobean dining-room; a withdrawing-room, ornate, alluring to the eye in all its carefully copied environment of the Cinque Cento; while, in a descent from this historic altitude to our own more prosaic manners, Messrs Waring have provided a capital object-lesson for young people by furnishing quite completely a charming little flat which must be full of suggestive interest to all about to establish themselves in one of these convenient conditions of modern life. Someone has said of flats that they are "revised" and "compressed," but not "improved," editions of the hearth and home. I question, however, if even that crabbed philosopher would not amend his declaration after having had an introduction to the "bijou establishment," for once properly so-called, which Waring's have added as a further attraction to their new Sloane Street premises. We, who love to walk delicately, like Agag, but amongst brocades and tapestries and carpets of rich Eastern tradition, owe much to the taste and enterprise which have thus utilised the best traditions of every land for the greater adornment of our own.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. (Folkestone).—Have a white piqué. It will be much more suitable than what your dressmaker suggests. One of the simplest yet best designs comes from Redfern's Paris shop, but can be reproduced for you in Bond Street. The skirt, quite plain, but beautifully cut, has a narrow apron; the corsage is treated to a long bolero crossing over from right to left, and trimmed with a thick guipure insertion. A finely pleated chemisette of white pleated cambric finished with a bow completes this summer seaside dress, which sounds simple, but should be made by an artist to get the effect. Or you could have it in white flannel. It is no trouble.

LILLA.—(1) Davos is hot now, but the altitude makes the evenings sharp even in summer, so you should take wraps and silk or woollen under-things. The Cellular Clothing Company, of Oxford Street, would fit you out very suitably. (2) Certainly you should not smoke so promiscuously as you describe. Some hostesses "may mind" very much indeed, though it is quite a usual thing in many houses to hand cigarettes to the ladies after luncheon or dinner now.

JULIA (Dublin).—I have seen the very thing for your husband's present at Wilson and Gill's, in Regent Street. It is a pair of dull gold sleeve-links with a four-leaved shamrock on each in green enamel and a diamond dewdrop. They have endless other designs, but, as you mention the native emblem, it strikes me these will exactly suit you. I fancy they are quite inexpensive, too. Somewhere about your "fiver."

E. T. (Harrow).—(1) Try John Simmons and Sons, of the Haymarket. They are to be thoroughly recommended. (2) I have inquired and am told there are excellent cycling roads in the Black Forest district. As to a cheap and strong machine, I hear good reports from a friend who has invested in an "Enfield," and the price is certainly very get-at-able.

ECONOMIST.—Have you tried Peter Robinson for the white muslin with black spots? I saw some there with insertions of Valenciennes let in over colours which were quite exceptionally pretty. That was in their sale time, but I should think they have some still left.

SYLIL.

In view of the Twelfth and of the great march on Scotland, the tours of the Midland Company should be studied. Nothing can be more pleasant than to run down (or does the Scotch capital demand "up"?) to Edinburgh in a dining-car, leaving town three times a day. The night service is excellent. The Midland is especially useful for those who wish to go to the West of Scotland.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.

MONEY.

A decrease of over a million and a-quarter sterling in the Reserve was the principal feature of last week's Bank of England Return. This has been produced, of course, mainly by holiday demands, the country having taken a substantial amount of gold. £130,000, in round figures, was received from abroad, and the ratio of Reserve to liabilities fell to 44½ per cent., comparing with 50 per cent. a year ago. In all probability, however, a flow of gold to the central institution will set in again within a week or two; but efforts to stop any further shrinkage in the rates for short loans are making themselves felt. The plethora of money is still the principal feature in Lombard Street, a fact which renders the failure of the late municipal loans all the more incomprehensible. The India Council has again been lending a little money until Aug. 19 at ¾ per cent., but for short loans lenders have had some difficulty in obtaining even ½ per cent. The settlement in Consols last Thursday produced no effect upon the Money Market, and after the present General Settlement is over Stock Exchange requirements will not have to be reckoned with for nearly three weeks. Indications, on the whole, point to a gradual stiffening in rates, and at the time of writing the quotation for three months' bills is 1½ to 1⅝ per cent., which is a trifle firmer than a week ago.

ARGENTINES.

A fortnight ago we discussed the position of Chilian Bonds, a position which is largely dependent upon the Republic of Argentina for its stability, or otherwise. In pointing out the facts about the latter country's finances, it will be useful to once more place in parallel columns the price at which the various Argentine loans have been issued, and the present quotations, with the rise or fall marked in each case—

Loan.	Issue Price.	Now.	Rise or Fall.
Argentine 6 per cent., 1824 ...	85 ...	75 ...	- 10
„ 6 per cent. (Railway) 1881... 91 ...	82½ ...	82½ ...	- 8½
„ 5 per cent., 1884 ...	84½ ...	63 ...	- 21½
„ 5 per cent., 1886-7 ...	{ 80 (1886) 85½ (1887) }	87 ...	+ 4½
„ 5 per cent. Treasury, 1887 ...	— ...	63 ...	—
„ 4½ per cent. Sterling, 1888 ...	90 ...	63 ...	- 27
„ 3½ per cent. External, 1889 ...	— ...	46 ...	—
„ 6 per cent. Funding, 1891 ...	— ...	86½ ...	—

The total external debt of the Republic is slightly over forty-five millions sterling, and in 1893 a contract was drawn up between the Argentine Minister in London and Lord Rothschild, specifying in what manner the interest on the loans should be paid. The original agreement provided that the full service of the debt should not be met until July 12, 1899, but the antedating by twelve months of this arrangement was decreed in March 1897, and the full interest is now due on every class of bond composing the National External Debt. After January, 1901, the Sinking Funds are to be resumed, and the Government are charged to remit funds in cash for the interest and Sinking Funds to the issuing houses. The question now is, Can they do it? Dr. Pellegrini stated in an interview that it could be done, but for the last ten weeks a strangely distrustful feeling has crept into the market, and the old talk about a war with Chili is largely to the fore. Although rumours as to the settlement of the frontier question are persistently circulated, until some definite assurance is given that the treaty for arbitration in cases of boundary disputes will be observed, Argentine stocks are not likely to see any great recovery. The country itself is getting ready for war, but, apart from the militarism of the rulers, reports state that the crops are excellent, and that the Hispano-American War will be the ill wind that blows good to the Argentine farmers. Appearances point to a decline temporarily, and people who sell their bonds now will probably be able to buy back cheaper; but, if only the country can resist its temptations to quarrel with its neighbours, there is no reason why the Argentine Republic should not set its South American brethren an example of honesty that some of them need very badly indeed. A curious side-light is thrown upon the habits of the Argentinos by statistics that have lately appeared in the Buenos Ayres papers with reference to the insatiable appetite for gambling that pervades all classes. It is officially stated that, in 1897, nearly nine and a-half millions sterling was lost and won on racing, lottery tickets, and ball-alleys alone, exclusive of all Stock Exchange transactions.

WESTRALIANS.

The Kangaroo Market is one of the most curious in the Stock Exchange. For days, sometimes weeks, together, there will be scarcely a bargain doing; then there comes a sudden gust of buying from no one knows where, and prices advance sharply without a share changing hands among the little knot of jobbers who are airing their lungs in a vain effort to "buy a thou. at the figure." For the last three months, little or no business has been done, but, in spite of the Bottomley collapse, it is remarkable to notice how the best shares have maintained their prices, and it is argued that the buying from Melbourne and Adelaide alone is sufficient to keep the market steady until the public on this side are ready to take another hand in Westralians. We should be sorry to counsel a sale at the present time of shares in companies that are crushing regularly and pay their way, for there is little doubt the conditions under which the mines work are gradually becoming easier. The Government is anxious to do all in its power to foster the

industry (affording a striking contrast to the powers in the Transvaal), and this of itself must form a guarantee of safety and justice to Kangaroo shareholders which is far from being felt by the holder of Kaffirs. Patience and skill seem to be gradually conquering the alluvial difficulty, and now the West Australian Chamber of Mines has despatched what we may call the Single Title Petition to the Honorary Legislative Council of Western Australia, after being signed by 110 companies representing an aggregate issued capital of nearly fourteen million pounds. The petition prays for a single and more secure title to mining leases, and is expected to strengthen the hands of the Government in the next debate on the new Mining Bill. If passed, this Bill would prevent any recurrence of the periodical scares which are started by reports of the "jumping" of a claim, and the Chamber is certainly doing its best to justify its existence. There is plenty of life in the Westralian Market yet, and a careful search among the list of regular crushers and dividend-payers will even now disclose half-a-dozen shares at least which are likely to prove very satisfactory investments to a present purchaser.

MR. HOOLEY.

The thanks of the newspaper-reading world are due to Mr. Hooley for the retarding by some weeks of the "silly" season. The long-drawn-out examination has been a topic of interest second only to the holidays, and the Stock Exchange has had more to do—in the way of talk, no other business being transacted worth mentioning nowadays—than it has done since the Jameson Raid. In the Court, Mr. Hooley appeared to be regarded as one who was entitled to sympathy, judging from the sentiments that were allowed to appear; in the Stock Exchange, one hears sympathy chiefly expressed for the thousands and thousands of people whose money has been sunk in the concerns with which Mr. Hooley's name stands connected. It is, of course, quite possible that Dunlops, Singers, *et hoc genus omne*, may go to par at some time, but, in the meantime, the Hooley connection means greatly depreciated values, and this tells heavily on the small investor, misled by the titled Boards which he thought a guarantee of strict investigation and cautious management. He naturally supposed that his savings must be well invested in companies evolved under such auspices. Mr. Hooley has played his game for the time, and one can only feel that he is now doing all he can, on the apparent chance of attracting some compassion to himself, to throw discredit upon the people whom he himself has corrupted. Mr. Hooley, it appears to us, is in very much the same position as a defeated candidate would be who, after a Parliamentary election, turns Queen's evidence against himself in order to drag into disrepute the men he has bribed for the securing of a seat. Our sympathy, however, is with the unfortunate, unwary little investor who has been so cruelly misled. It is always such weary work locking the stable-door after the steed is stolen.

AND MR. DUGUID.

In his little room at the *Westminster Gazette* offices a representative of *The Sketch* found Mr. Charles Duguid half-buried in prospectuses, reports, reference-books, and all the other paraphernalia of a City Editor. On the walls were caricatures from the pen of "F. C. G." illustrating City affairs. Mr. Hooley himself smiled from among a portrait-group of prominent City men; the table was littered with congratulations, sympathies, complimentary Press allusions, all bearing upon the Hooley matter that *The Sketch* wanted Mr. Duguid to talk about. A cheery welcome from the best-natured man in the world, and the first question went straight to the point—

"Did you often see Mr. Hooley?"

"About a dozen times in all, I should think. I was always pleased to meet him, because his information was always valuable from the City Editor's point of view. For instance, it was through the *Pall Mall* that the great Bovril conversion was first made known to the world. Besides, his conversation was original and striking. He was generally difficult of access, because of the constant rush in which he lived. I once had lunch with him at the Midland Hotel without seeing him, like many others. He would invite you, send a message when you arrived that you must begin and he would join you in a minute, and then never come at all."

"How do you think he came to make such a gross misstatement respecting yourself?"

"Mr. Hooley himself can best answer that question. Here is a cutting from the *Financial Times* which says: 'Mr. Hooley's excuse must be the worry of examination by the Official Receiver and the multiplicity of details to be gone into.' Here is a letter addressed to me by a friend, in which he says: 'Has it ever struck you that the statement by Mr. Hooley may be due to temporary insanity?'"

"Have you any leaning towards him now? Ever likely to accept a similar offer to his last (the *Sun*) if it should come by any means?"

"I can't say I have any leaning towards him. I am human, and he has done me damage—or, at all events, his false statement might have done me damage, very serious damage, had I not been able to produce all the proofs of its baselessness and its baseness. Still, we City Editors must keep level-headed and sink personal feeling. I shall be able to write my next Hooley Homily without bias. As to a similar offer, that is absurd. But, under similar circumstances, I should act similarly again. I have done nothing that I regret."

"Is his statement libellous?"

"It was a privileged statement made in the witness-box. Had it not been privileged, I should, of course, immediately have taken action for libel."

"Do you think the present Cycle Market ever likely to resurrect under existing conditions? Dare I ask your own opinion as to the proper value of Dunlop Deferred?"

"As a whole, I think there will have to be a drastic reduction of capital before the Cycle Market becomes anything but an artificial one. The Hooley cycle companies are by no means the worst of the lot; but, even if they were the best, that is not saying much. Many of the cycle companies—many more—will have to go into liquidation. As to Dunlop Deferred, if I were unfortunate enough to be a holder, I should write them off as of no value, but I should not sell them at present. Making up my mind for the worst, I should wait."

"Ought the shareholders in Hooley's companies to reconstitute their Boards? What would you do if you were a director of, say, Singer's or Bovril?"

"I should first write to the *Pall Mall* acknowledging the justice of the criticisms lavished upon their prospectuses by its former City Editor. I should then try to put the companies into such a position as to show that those criticisms were, after all, too pessimistic—that is, if I were all a director should be. As to the shareholders, they should not seek to bring about directorial resignations until the full result of the Hooley examination transpires. They might even get their money back. If they cannot, they should at least clear the ornamental from off their Boards."

"Will the rising generation be restrained from rushing into popular companies by reason of the Hooley collapse?"

"Not a bit of it; nor the risen generation either. Of course, suspicion and caution will be aroused for a time; but, unfortunately, the impression of these lessons does not last long. One of the shareholders who was involved in the Lawson British Motor Company and joined in the proceedings to obtain the return of the money, has subscribed to the Lawson Steam Omnibus Company, and now wants to get his money back from that."

"Suppose Mr. Hooley had not broken his contract, and you had gone to the *Sun*, would you have criticised his companies as you have done in the *Westminster*?"

"I stipulated for a perfectly free hand. Mr. Hooley assured me that his reason for engaging me was that the City columns should be conducted properly. He said he was going to retire from the worries of the company-promoting world and seek political honours. He had a scheme for reorganising the National Debt. You know, everyone was belauding him at the time. He was an accepted Parliamentary candidate, he was appointed Sheriff of two or three counties, and so on. I imagined danger from one of the other directors of the *Sun*, Mr. Harry Marks, M.P., rather than from Mr. Hooley. But I was fully armed for whatever might happen by my contract appointing me City Editor for the long term of five years. My programme was simple, and was discussed with my friends at the time. Had Mr. Hooley or anyone else desired me to write dishonourably, I should have, of course, refused. I had my five years' contract, and they could not have dismissed me without bringing the whole affair before the public, and I should have scored. As a matter of fact, what I was prepared for occurred before I expected it. Marks objected to my going to the *Sun* at all—at any rate, that was Hooley's excuse for breaking the contract, and he produced convincing evidence—and consequently I pocketed my £3000 damages, and began work on the *Westminster* the very day I should have gone to the *Sun*."

RHODESIA.

Largely upon the result of the first Geelong and Selukwe crushings depends the immediate price of Chartered. Our correspondent at Bulawayo writes—

GEELONG.

This is expected to be the first mine in Matabeleland to start milling, and, after frequent delays, it is now given forth officially that it will commence in August. The Selukwe Company will start a little later, closely followed by the Dunraven and Bonsor. There is little doubt that the Geelong will show payable results. This, at any rate, is the universal expectation throughout Matabeleland, the tendency being to place an unwarranted importance upon the performance of the first 20 stamps. Should the yield by any mishap be under the payable line, the result to the whole country, in the present feverish state of expectancy with regard to the Geelong, must be simply disastrous, but I do not think this is likely. I have taken 10 dwt. as the average of costs, and this ought not to be exceeded at the Geelong, where they have a great body of ore, usually from 15 to 20 feet, and the pay shoots have been proved to be extensive. The mine is admirably situated for working, being located on the apex of a hill some 300 feet above the surrounding country. Water is pumped from the Umsingwani River, three miles distant. The so-called ancients (very probably the modern Portuguese) have left extensive workings, in which there are many thousands of tons of payable quartz broken down and ready for the mill.

Development work, first by the parent company, the Matabele Gold Reefs and Estates, and latterly by its subsidiary, the Geelong Company, has exposed payable ore for two or three years' crushing with forty stamps, to which the battery will be enlarged. The hypercritical may think that Major Heany, who has unbounded faith in the property, might have done something to prove the reefs—there are two main reefs, both very big—in depth, and presumably this will be done before the battery is enlarged, as was at one time proposed, to 80 or 100 stamps. The country round about the Geelong is well timbered, and fuel and mining timber will be easily and cheaply obtained. Coal has been found forty or sixty miles away, and a line of railway is about to be constructed, connecting this coalfield and the Geelong with Bulawayo. I do not look for much activity at the Geelong till this railway is an accomplished fact. The country is healthy in the dry season, but for six months of the year there is a deal of malarial fever.

SELUKWE COMPANY.

This company is timed to start with 20 stamps a few days after the Geelong, cyanide plant for the treatment of the tailings being part of the equipment in both cases. The Selukwe is an offshoot of the Mashonaland Agency, Limited, and is in the Gwelo district, fully 120 miles north-east of Bulawayo, the Geelong being in the Gwanda district, 80 miles to the south of the capital. There is still a good deal to be done at the Selukwe before the stamps drop, and one of Sir John Willoughby's companies may, after all, begin to produce gold next in point of

time to the Geelong. A recent change in the management at the Selukwe may, however, help on the milling stage. Mr. J. Donald, who had charge of the Bantjes for two years and made a poor show there, gave place at the Selukwe in June to another old Rand manager, Mr. Alf Brown, formerly of the Consolidated Main Reef.

There are 25,000 tons of ore in sight at the 154-foot level, and driving on the second level, 120 feet below this, has just been started. It is not claimed for the ore-body on this property that it is a true fissure-vein. It is bedded with the formation; but, of course, everyone knows that, while it is the rule for true fissure-veins to run through or across the bedding, it sometimes happens that the dip of the vein and the bedding of the formation coincide for some distance, and hence occasionally there is a difficulty in deciding whether a particular ore-body is a true fissure-vein or not. This difficulty not infrequently presents itself in Matabeleland. The ore-body in the Tebekwe Mine, as the Selukwe Company's property is named, runs, on an average, to 33 inches wide. It is 4 feet 6 inches in one of the winzes, going down from the first to the second level, and in other parts of the mine it is no more than 15 inches. Similarly with the assays. They run from 5 dwt. to about 4 oz. These figures will convey some idea of the irregular character of the quartz reefs of this country, which cannot be compared with the conglomerates of the Rand.

It will be understood that, with reefs of this irregular description, a manager can show anything in the way of returns. He can put ore through his mill that will yield an ounce to the ton—this for a limited period; afterwards he must fall back on the unpayable stuff if the mill is to be kept running. It is to be hoped there will be few vagaries of this kind in Rhodesia, but I would not like to give my word that there will be none. Having copied some of the early mistakes of the Rand, it will not be surprising if the mining-men of Rhodesia endeavour to emulate the 1888 times, when poor mines were made to show ounces to the ton.

Indeed, they are at it already, for I hear that the Camperdown the other day had what is described as a "trial crushing," with the result that 16½ oz. were got from 250 lb. of quartz. The figures may be accurate enough, but I do not vouch for them, and, even if they are to be accepted, they convey no significance to my mind whatever. It is so easy to pick rich specimens in a country like this, but only the very green ones are taken in with such a proceeding. There is this to be said, that even the poorest sections of the reefs in this country generally give a fair show in the pan. This being so, there is the less need to exaggerate the average value by picking rich specimens.

The Selukwe Company may show a 10 dwt. yield, or it may give 20 dwt.—for a time. A return of from 10 to 12 dwt., or, say, 45s. per ton, from plates and cyanide combined would be a fair average, and, allowing that costs are 40s. at the start, this would represent a small margin of profit. But, after all, we are dealing with a mine which has only 25,000 tons of ore in sight, and there is certainly not much to "enthuse" over. The trouble about all these Rhodesian mines is that so little development work comparatively has been done that one is apt to think it rash or foolish to come to any general conclusions about them at all. There is something suspicious when a manager puts down a couple or half-a-dozen shafts 100 or 120 feet, and then stands practically idle shepherding his reef and waiting on the whims of the Home public. These remarks certainly do not apply to the Selukwe Company, but Rhodesians themselves must admit that they have a very wide application.

We sincerely trust that the crushings will be absolutely impartial ones, in their treatment of the rich and poor ore alike. If "picking" is indulged in, the facts are sure to come to light sooner or later, and the result can have only one effect upon the minds of people at home.

Saturday, Aug. 6, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

DISGUSTED.—So are we. Sell (1) the Debenture and Preference, if you can. We fear there are no buyers. (2) With its gross over-capitalisation, little improvement can be looked for in the price, and we should not hold. (3) You are bound to pay the call. (4) The Sunlight Incandescent was taken over two years ago by the New Incandescent Gas Lighting Company, Limited.

GLEVUM.—Not as an investment; they are highly speculative, although the yield (7 per cent.) is tempting. What did you pay for your Bovril shares?

M. O.—Cordoba Central Income Debentures are worth their present price. The distributions made so far are: June 1895, £1 18s. per cent.; June 1896, 3½ per cent.; June 1897, 5 per cent.; June 1898, 6 per cent., the last being paid in scrip of Argentine Government Rescission bonds.

OMEGA.—It depends upon what one considers "really good security." Nothing gilt-edged will yield more than 3 per cent., but 3½ to 4 per cent. can be obtained from an investment in English Railway Ordinary and Deferred stocks, or from good American Railway bonds. Midland Deferred and Brighton "A" both pay over 3½ per cent., and London and North-Western Ordinary yields about 3½. Northern Pacific Prior Lien and Minneapolis Sault S. Marie First Mortgage bonds might suit you. An experienced stockbroker would help you more than any book, but a standard work of reference is "Burdett's Official Intelligence" (London: Spottiswoode and Co.).

J. P. G. HILL.—Weldon's Ordinary are likely to go higher, and should be kept. We do not like the Tea shares you mention. The company as now constituted has an unwieldy capital.

C. J. B.—Please read our Rules. This is the worst time of year for your purpose. Write to us again in six weeks' time, when we may be able to help you.

SUBSCRIBER.—No market has been made so far for the shares, but the nominal price is ¼ discount to par. Consolidated Murchisons are about 4s., with a paucity of buyers. The report is due shortly.

BARNEY.—See answer to "Subscriber." Mexican Sixes are risky things. The price depends largely upon the future of silver. But then the return is high.

NEWLANDS.—(1) The market opinion is that the new concern is worth going in for; the company crushes steadily, and more money may put it on a paying basis. (2) Lady Lochs are about 21, and there is one shilling liability. *Verb. sap.* (3) We have no particulars.

A year ago, when George Newnes, Limited, increased their capital from £400,000 to £1,000,000, the shareholders in the old company received back the whole of the capital in cash, and, at the same time, retained their holding, each £1 share being worth over £2. One would have thought this was sufficient good fortune for them, but there was more to come. The other day, at the annual general meeting, Sir George Newnes announced that £7000 more was to be distributed among these shareholders, being nearly a further 2 per cent. on the capital, as a result of the final winding-up.